

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.



BULMER'S Cider

the most popular cider of all



BY APPOINTMENT
TO H.M. THE QUEEN
CIDER MAKERS
H. P. BULMER & CO. LTD
HEREFORD

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Aristocrat  *of Liqueurs*

Drambuie

The Drambuie Liqueur Co., Ltd., York Place, Edinburgh.

EL TROVADOR
JAMAICAN CIGARS



ABDULLA make the best **VIRGINIA**

WETHERALL

bond st sportsclothes

TRADE MARK
"FOURway
BREATHLESSLY SMART
CLEVERCHANGE
BELTED/UNBELTED
topcoats"

HANDTAILORED SADDLESTITCHED **"racin plaid"**

DOUBLE SIDED **"doeskin + cashmere"** about **30**

THE HEAVENLY BLEND OF PURE CASHMERE PURE WOOL

WETHERALL HOUSE, BOND STREET, W.1



BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
TABLE SALT AND PEPPER MANUFACTURERS • CEREBOS LTD

Cerebos

The "finest" salt

For your throat
Allenburys
PASTILLES

Made from Glycerine and Blackcurrants

In tins from **1/9**
all Chemists

Morny

OF REGENT ST • LONDON

FINE QUALITY SOAPS & BATH LUXURIES

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE CO. LTD.
All classes of insurance transacted

10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



The NEW Austin Princess

luxury . . . but in good taste

WHAT IS in good taste is so personal a matter that we dare to mention it only because it is important.

In a big car you expect comfort; magnificent performance; discreet good looks The new Princess gives you all these, and at a price you might not think possible in a coach-built car, which includes such advanced features as power-operated steering, automatic gearbox, and servo-assisted brakes.

But, there are many reasons why you should decide to buy a Princess rather than any other big car.

One of these is that the Princess appeals to those who do not wish their choice of car to be mistaken for a display of opulence.

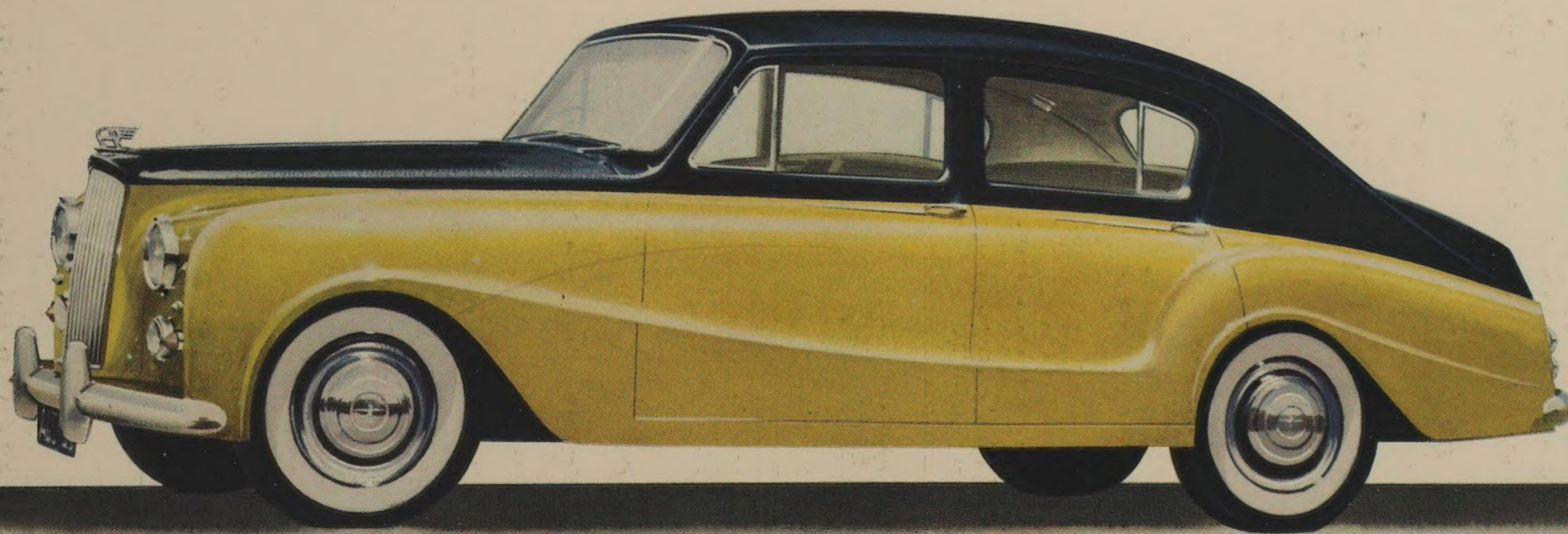
We believe that the new Princess is one of the finest big cars in the world. We ask you to test the accuracy of our belief with a searching *trial*, not just a "demonstration".

Any Austin dealer will be pleased to arrange such a trial.

Austin Princess IV Saloon £3376.7.0. Austin Princess IV Touring Limousine £3541.7.0. Including Tax.

And every model now carries a twelve months' guarantee.

Vanden Plas



The Austin Motor Company Limited, Longbridge, Birmingham; Coachbuilders, Vanden Plas (England) 1923 Limited, Kingsbury Works, Kingsbury, London, N.W.9

Making someone *VERY* happy

With the approach of Christmas comes the annual problem of suitable gifts for the occasion—suitable both for the recipient and for our own pockets. One of the arts of 'giving gracefully' is to pay a subtle compliment to the good taste of the recipient by making sure that what is given is the best of its kind. So often, cigarettes turn out to be the right gift for many of our friends and relatives, and here it is doubly important to give something above the 'average' standard. Something that shows you have been thoughtful in your choice wins extra appreciation.

When it comes to cigarettes, one name immediately comes to mind as standing for the best—State Express. For well over half a century, in every part of the world, State Express 555 have been recognised for finest quality,

TANKARDS IN REAL ENGLISH PEWTER



You can see these wonderful-value tankards in all the good tobacconists' windows now. They are made in Sheffield in the traditional hammered finish with a glass base, and each contains a round airtight tin of 50 State Express 555. An excellent gift for any man and highly appropriate to the festive season. The one-pint size costs 39/6 and the ½-pint tankard 30/-.



THE 'DICKENS' JUG

In beautifully ornamented pottery, with characters from Dickens modelled in relief. Colourful and decorative and containing an airtight tin of 50 State Express 555 cigarettes—29/6d.

AN IMPRESSIVE CABINET FOR 32/-



A really worthwhile present. This simple but elegant cabinet contains 150 State Express 555 cigarettes—truly inviting. It is finished with a gold design on the familiar primrose colour and costs 32/-.



and it has become a tradition that State Express 555

and Christmas go together. The complete range of State Express cigarettes available for Christmas Gifts is an impressive one and the prices are not high. Imagine the delight when parcels are opened on Christmas morning to reveal a handsome pack of 555. Undoubtedly, Christmas is the time for 'everything of the best' and nothing fits the occasion better than State Express.

.... Express your Greetings with State Express 555

One needs colour to do justice to this delightful greetings packing. There are two sizes, one containing 50 State Express 555, and the other 100. Each bears a beautifully coloured picture of a traditional Christmas scene of the England of former years.

50 . . . 10/5d
100 . . . 20/10d



WHERE TO GET STATE EXPRESS

These delightful presentation packings are stocked by all good tobacconists and stores. Why not ask to see the range of State Express gifts—amongst them you will find something to suit everyone. If you experience any difficulty, please write to:
The House of State Express, 210, Piccadilly, London, W.1.

GIVE THE BEST FOR CHRISTMAS



BY APPOINTMENT
TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
STATE EXPRESS
CIGARETTE MANUFACTURERS
ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD.

STATE EXPRESS 555

THE BEST CIGARETTES
IN THE WORLD



*Here's wishing you
a Merry Christmas
and a Happy New Year*

**Don't be Vague
ask for...**

Haig

NO FINER WHISKY GOES
INTO ANY BOTTLE



Our famous "Country Check" shirts for weekends and leisure time have passed all our expectations for their popularity. In various colourings 33/9. Also woven checks, made from modern fabrics, including Cotton and Wool — Cotton and Ardil — Cotton, Wool and Ardil . . . from 37/9.



Ties, all wool Cashmere, in a great range of soft colours plain shades and Tartans from 8/9.

All Wool, fully fashioned Woollies with zip front in several delightful plain shades 46/9. Also available are Cardigans, V-neck, Crew-neck, and Slipovers.

"Henry Cotton" golfing gloves. String back with perforated Nyana leather palms. Sac wrist. 39/6.

Call or write for our illustrated Christmas Booklet.

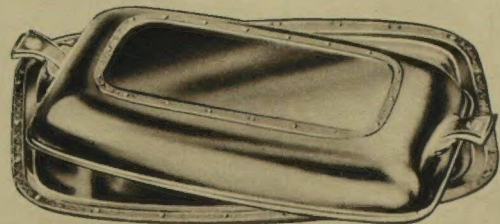
HORNE
BROTHERS LIMITED

HORNE BROTHERS LIMITED, 415/417 OXFORD STREET, LONDON, W.1

Branches in London and Principal Cities

Garrard Gifts

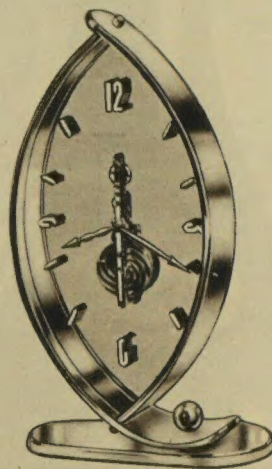
To CHOOSE gifts at Garrards has become accepted custom. At Christmas time especially, the array of gifts—modest or elaborate—is a warming sight for all who have to face the traditional dilemma—"what to give".



A



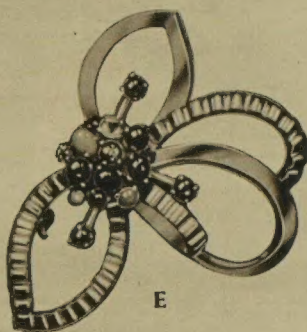
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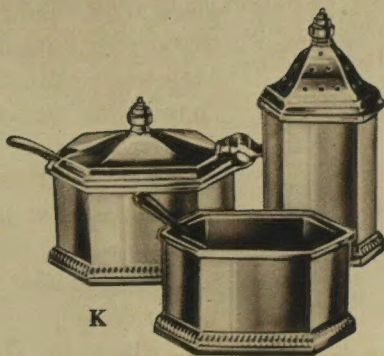
G



H



J



K



BY APPOINTMENT TO
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN
GOLDSMITHS &
CROWN JEWELLERS

- A Regent Plate Entrée Dish with cover, length 11½ inches. £13. 15. 0
B Pearl and 9 ct. gold Brooch. £10. 10. 0
C 8-day gilt metal Timepiece, modern hour markings, exposed mechanism, height 8 inches. £47. 0. 0
D Pair of Gentleman's Hair Brushes. £13. 13. 0
E Coloured stone Brooch in 9 ct gold. £56. 0. 0
F Pair gold Links. 9 ct gold £17. 0. 0
18 ct gold £37. 0. 0
G Ronson Cigarette Lighter Sterling Silver mounted. £4. 15. 0 9 ct gold mounted £22. 15. 0
H Cocktail Shaker (capacity one pint). Sterling Silver £25. 17. 6 Regent Plate £6. 10. 0
J 6 Xylonite handled Tea Knives with rustless steel blades. £3. 11. 6
K Three piece Condiment Set with Spoons, in case. Sterling Silver £12. 7. 6 Regent Plate £6. 15. 0 (case extra)

An illustrated list of Gift suggestions will gladly be sent on request.

GARRARD & CO. LTD.

Crown Jewellers

formerly THE GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD.

112 REGENT STREET · LONDON W.1 · PHONE REGENT 3021

*How to
recognise*

fine

Brandy

V.S.O.P



V.S.O.P

The finest brandy comes from the Grande and Petite Champagne districts of Cognac. Only Cognac originating from these two areas, at least half of which must be from the Grande Champagne, is entitled by French law to be called Fine Champagne Cognac.

Remy Martin produce Fine Champagne V.S.O.P. Cognac and *nothing less good*. They only offer for sale Brandy which has reached perfection. That is why when you insist on Remy Martin you can be sure of getting a *really fine Cognac*.

REMY MARTIN
Pride of Cognac

CHAMPAGNE ?

VOICE THE CHOICE OF FRANCE



I Frenchman in 3 drinks Champagne Mercier

Yes! one Frenchman in three says, "Mercier! Oui merci!", and knows that he will get champagne at its sparkling best.


Since 1858 champagne lovers the world over have enjoyed the rare Mercier combination of noble champagne at reasonable cost. In the unique Mercier cellars at Epernay, France, a heritage of ancient skill is combined with modern methods to bring Champagne Mercier to its perfect maturity.

So when in Britain you say "Mercier! Yes thank you!"... you make sure of superb champagne at no more than you will pay for lesser quality.



CHAMPAGNE MERCIER

JARVIS, HALLIDAY & CO. LTD., 62 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1
Telephone: WHItchall 1778



*a Gift
worth giving*

du Maurier Filter Tip Cigarettes
in an attractively designed Christmas Pack
50 for 9/7 100 for 19/2

du MAURIER
THE FILTER TIP CIGARETTE



**“A tin for the Naughtons
—they all love toffees”**

Sharp's Toffees are a friendly gift—just right for the Naughtons. The whole family will love them. And Joan will find the pretty caddy so useful long after the toffees have disappeared.

Sharp's



Toffees for Christmas

Give him his present on Christmas Eve



ΦB

Let him wake up on Christmas morning wearing your gift—a pair of handsomely striped Cotella pyjamas. They're comfortable as they're handsome. Generously cut to give plenty of room for twists and turns; non-shrinking; non-fading. Made for long hard wear in 'OXFORD' fabric: 100% Egyptian cotton with a soft silky mercerised finish. Attractively boxed, they're a 'just-what-I-wanted' present at 49/6.

Pyjama perfect in

Cotella

'Oxford' pyjamas



28 different colour combinations and patterns. Ask for them at your usual store or write to C/P Cotella, Aertex House, 465 Oxford St, London, W.1



There are few cigars as fine as the finest Jamaica. There are fewer still that combine, as La Tropical does, such notable mildness with undiminished character. There are possibly even fewer men who *deserve* such a Christmas present. Nevertheless !

Sole Importers
Lambert & Butler of Drury Lane, Branch of The Imperial
Tobacco Co. (of Great Britain and Ireland), Ltd.

"The Antiquary"

*de luxe
Scotch
Whisky*

The pleasure this
whisky brings will
repay the effort
necessary to obtain
it.



J & M Marley
LIMITED.

EDINBURGH.

His "thank you" really comes from the heart, when you...

Give him a

Royal IRISH POPLIN

Tie!

No mistaking the genuine gratitude of someone who's been given an Atkinson Irish Poplin Tie for Christmas. Just handle one and you feel straight away that here is a quality and finish usually associated with the 'good old days'. Such, indeed, is the case. 130 years ago, Irish weavers made Atkinson Irish Poplin from the natural fibres of pure silk and fine wool just as they do to-day. A present of an Atkinson Tie is a compliment to the good taste of donor and recipient alike.

Available at leading outfitters
RICHARD ATKINSON & CO. LTD.
Irish Poplin House, Belfast, N. Ireland



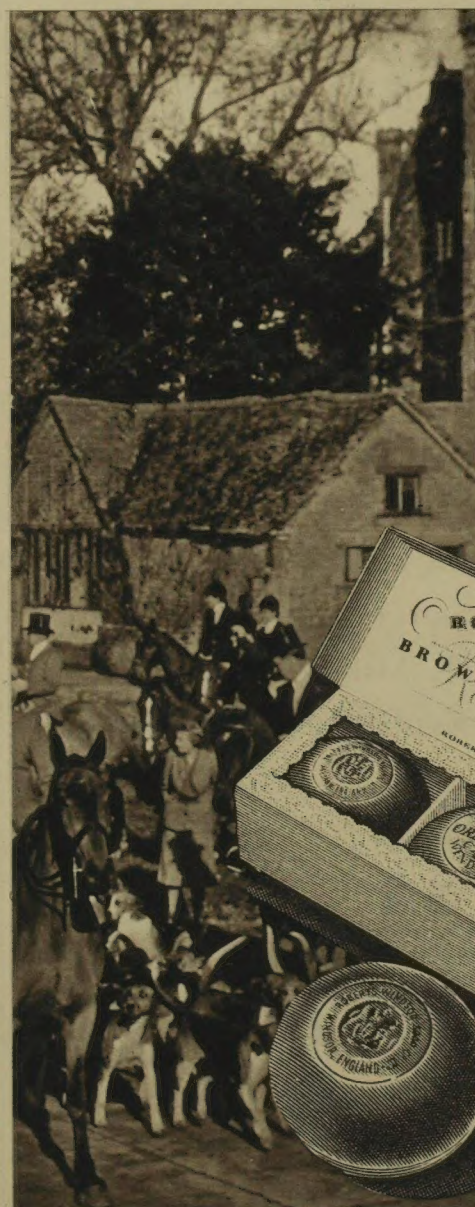
SANDEMAN SHERRY

You'll be proud
to serve it
from the bottle...
it's real Sherry
from Spain



Two fine Sherries from the Sandeman Bodegas at Jerez —
"AMONTILLADO"
medium dry 21/- a bottle
"BROWN BANG"
rich Oloroso 23/- a bottle

GEO. G. SANDEMAN SONS & CO. LTD., 20 ST. SWITHIN'S LANE, LONDON, E.C.4



ROBERTS ORIGINAL BROWN WINDSOR SOAP

The choice of the discerning
since Regency days.

Toilet size 1/0½d. Bath Disk 2/1d.
per tablet. From Boots and all
other good Chemists.

By Appointment Toilet Soap Makers
to H.M. Queen Elizabeth II

ROBERTS WINDSOR SOAP COMPANY LIMITED, WINDSOR, ENGLAND

*Unsurpassed Portrayals of
The British Scene*



COUNTRY LIFE CALENDARS

TRADITIONAL high-quality productions bringing together the finest work of our leading photographers. Inexpensive gifts that will be appreciated the world over. Attractively cartoned for immediate despatch. *Golf Addicts* caricatures enthusiasts of all types, and draws a smile from every one of its twenty-four pages.

BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN

The most popular British calendar. A pictorial record of enduring value, containing 24 monochrome studies of the varied face of Britain, from the Cairngorms, in Scotland, to the Cuckmere, at Alfriston in Sussex, from Caernarvonshire to Crowland Abbey in East Anglia. 12½"×9½"

HORSE LOVER'S

Equestrian enthusiasts and animal lovers will find horses of every type represented in the twenty-four plates in this calendar—show jumpers, hunters, coach-horses, Arabs, Shetlands, racehorses, etc. 10"×8½"

BIRDS OF BRITAIN

Unique studies to delight the ever-increasing enthusiasts devoted to bird-watching, photographed by the celebrated specialist, Eric Hosking. Technical information is included on his successful methods. 10"×8½"

GOLFER'S

Bernard Darwin edits this annual favourite, and, in addition to his brilliant commentary on the photographs, gives valuable hints on play. Twenty-four plates depict scenes on famous British inland and seaside courses. 10"×8½"

GOLF ADDICTS

Golfers have a great capacity for laughing at themselves, and in this production George Houghton, famous for his *Confessions of a Golf Addict*, provides unlimited enjoyment at the nineteenth hole. 10½"×8"

HILLS OF BRITAIN

Unrivalled photographs of the mountain scenery of England, Wales and Scotland. Useful information is included for tourists and climbers. 10"×8½"

BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN IN COLOUR

12 magnificent studies of lovely scenes in town and country and by coast and lake, in all the beauty of the changing seasons. 12½"×9½"

COLLINGRIDGE GARDENING CALENDARS

GARDEN LOVER'S

Twenty-four selected examples of the art of garden-making, many open to the public. Useful information is included on plants and planning, and every photograph will prove a delight and an inspiration. 10"×8½"

FLOWER ARRANGEMENT

Twenty-four artistic and inspiring presentations by the leading exponents, using inexpensive blooms, etc., and including dried foliage, as well as materials that are readily obtainable from hedgerow and field. 10"×8½"

FLOWER PORTRAITS

Exquisite photographs of new, unusual and interesting flowers, with notes on colouring, size, etc.—a gallery of choice blooms. 10½"×8"

Each 6s. except Beautiful Britain in Colour, 12s. Inland postage 6d. per copy. Retailers or the Publisher can post Overseas free of tax: 5s. 6d. each inclusive. (Beautiful Britain in colour, 8s. 3d.) Purchase NOW from Booksellers, Newsagents, Smith's, Boots, Wymans, etc., or the Publishers.



'HOVER ABOUT ME WITH YOUR AIRY WINGS': SHAKESPEARE'S STRATFORD-ON-AVON

Reproduced from BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN Calendar



Cocktail Virginia

Here is originality without the flaw of mere novelty—two delightful brands of Sobranie cigarettes, each in its own field without a superior, dressed as no other cigarettes are dressed . . . Here are all those rare qualities for so long implied in the Sobranie tradition, presented with an éclat which is excitingly up to date.

The gay Cocktail Virginia are wrapped in 5 different coloured papers, all gold-

Sobranie Cigarettes

tipped, and presented in a hand-made box. The Black Russian, originally made especially for a Russian Grand Duke at the Court of St. Petersburg, are wrapped in mysterious black, gold-tipped and crested . . . Both Cocktail Sobranie and Sobranie Black Russian cigarettes are made especially to delight the smartest of modern hostesses and the choosiest of choosy guests.

SOBRANIE CIGARETTES ARE OBTAINABLE THROUGHOUT THE WORLD. FOR CHRISTMAS LEAFLET PLEASE WRITE TO SOBRANIE LIMITED 136 CITY ROAD LONDON EC1

Black Russian



The most welcome gift of all!

20/- bottle • 10/6 half-bottle
Also Magnums 40/-

N° 5 - GARDENIA - CUIR DE RUSSIE - N° 22 - BOIS DES ILES



THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME

CHANEL

BY APPOINTMENT TO HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLERS, JOHN WALKER & SONS, LTD.



CLIVE UPTON —

Thank you

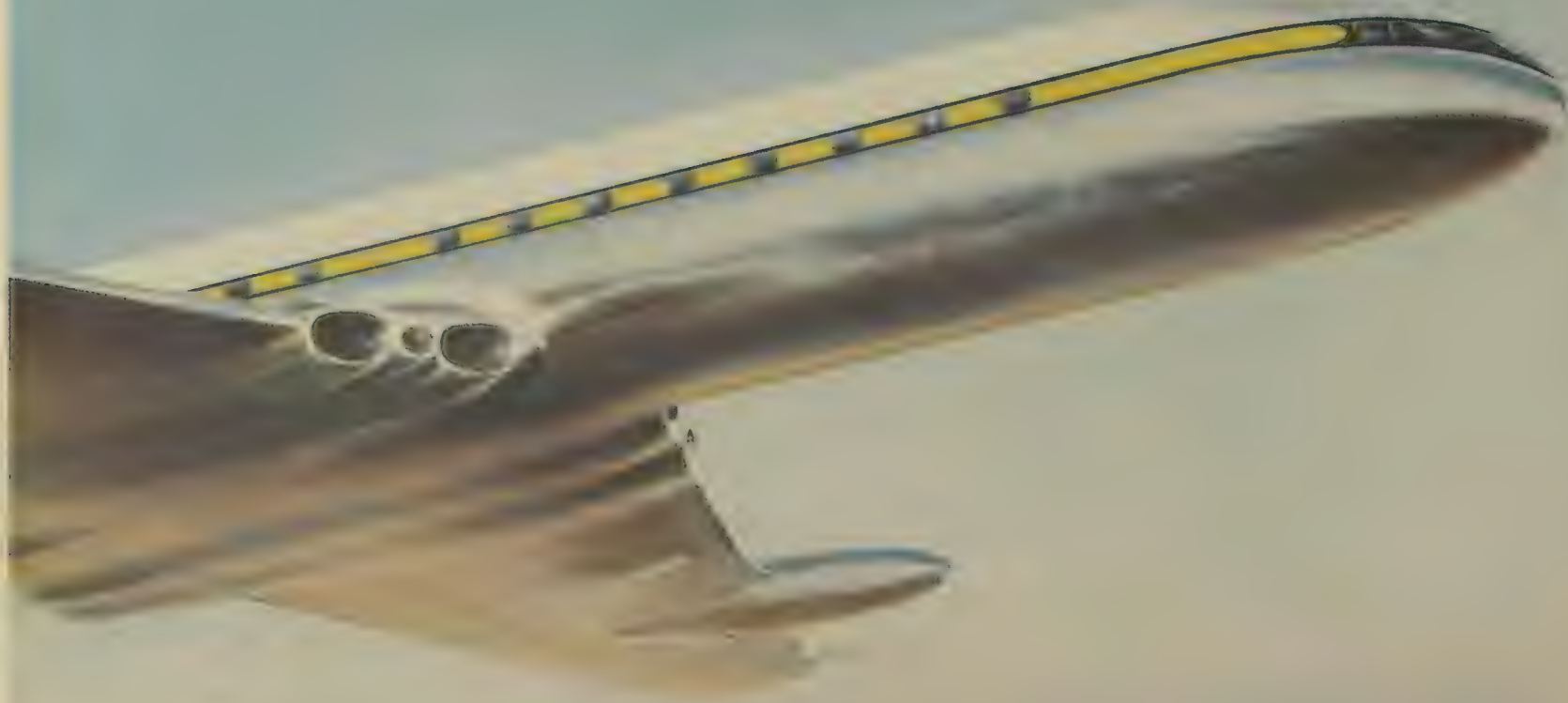
Johnnie Walker

—there's no better drink than the smooth
round whisky in the square bottle



BORN 1820 — still going strong

The COMET leads in two major operational categories



Inter-continental

THE COMET 4

Rolls-Royce Avon jet engines

500 m.p.h. with schedule
flexibility to match traffic
on stages up to 3,000 miles

Inter-state

THE COMET 4A

Rolls-Royce Avon jet engines

545 m.p.h. with big payloads
over short and
medium route sectors

DE HAVILLAND
of GREAT BRITAIN

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1956.



IN THE GREAT HALL OF THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA: HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN AS THE GUEST OF HONOUR AT A DINNER GIVEN BY THE ARMY COUNCIL AND THE ARMY.

On November 27 the Queen, who was accompanied by other members of the Royal family, was the guest of honour at a dinner given by the Army Council and the Army in the ancient and beautiful Great Hall of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea. Each regiment and corps was represented by its colonel, and senior officers from the liaison staffs in London attended as representatives of the Commonwealth. This photograph shows the scene as the Queen took her place at the centre of the top table. On her right were: Mr. John Hare,

Secretary of State for War; Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother; Field Marshal Lord Ironside; the Duke of Gloucester; the Duchess of Kent and Field Marshal Sir Claude Auchinleck. On the Queen's left were: Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff; Princess Margaret; Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke; the Duchess of Gloucester and the Princess Royal. Another photograph of the dinner, which was described by Mr. John Hare in his speech as being, in modern times, a unique occasion, appears elsewhere in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

GEOGRAPHY, it has been said, is about maps, and biography is about chaps. And strategy, it might be added, is about chaps contending for positions on maps. It is not taught in schools and, in these days when, though malice, hatred and treachery are the common rule in international dealings, the subject of armed force is regarded by polite persons as bad form, it has almost become, in the democratic countries of the West, an extinct art. The only people who practise it regularly as an instrument of national policy are those heavily-armed apostles of world peace—the kind of peace that reigns in Budapest and will soon, no doubt, reign again in Warsaw—the Communist Russians. For, whatever their limitations as politicians, these self-appointed occupants of the Kremlin are masterly strategists. They never miss a point in the game and are for ever trying to obtain some favourable vantage-point, now in one corner of the globe, now in another, for exerting armed pressure on their less astute and unexpansionist neighbours. "Wider still and wider shall thy bounds be set," has become, in these days of Good-bye to Elgar and all that, a very inappropriate motto for Great Britain. But it fits Russian foreign policy like a glove. No nation in the history of the world—not even Napoleonic France and Nazi Germany—has ever swallowed so much in so small a time as the armed crusaders of the Kremlin in the past seventeen years. And, as recent events in the Middle East have made only too clear, they are about—unless a miracle occurs or President Eisenhower and his advisers awake from their long wishful-thinking dream of eternal prosperity and peace—to swallow a great deal more.

There is nothing inherently immoral or anti-social about a sound national—or, for that matter, inter-Allied or international—strategy, any more than there is anything immoral about being a soldier or a policeman. "It is lawful for Christian men at the commandment of the magistrate to wear weapons and serve in the wars," and it is equally lawful for them, and indeed highly expedient, to do so in order to avert and prevent wars in a world in which the representatives or rulers of at least a third of mankind unashamedly rely on force, and force of the most atrocious and barbarous kind, as an instrument of national policy. The strategist's art is not only necessary for winning wars; it is equally necessary for preventing them, and many a war has been begun before the victim or opponent of an aggressor has been manoeuvred through neglect or supineness into a temptingly dangerous and unsound strategic position. Such was the position of Britain and France in 1939 when, as a result of leaving the strategic initiative in peace to others, they exposed themselves to an attack which proved fatal to the latter and all but fatal to the former. If those who led British opinion between the wars—the publicists no less than the politicians and administrators—had troubled themselves a little more about the country's strategic position and a little less about its moral attitude and its protestations of peace, millions of lives would have been saved and the world would be a far more civilised place than it is at the present moment. Gandhi and Mr. Gaitskell notwithstanding, it is always a disaster for mankind when those who seek peace divest themselves of the means of enforcing it. Those who, in spite of the object lesson we were given in the pacifist 'twenties and 'thirties, have during the past decade gratuitously sought to place—and succeeded in placing—our oil supplies at the mercy of an aggressive and expansionist Soviet Russia and its Middle East military protégés, may well have the responsibility for a third and more disastrous twentieth-century world war on their well-intentioned but foolish hands. Oil is the chief sinew of modern war; it

cannot be waged, or, in the face of deliberate aggression, be prevented without it. If the U.S.S.R. can deprive Britain of oil at will—and, thanks to the official attitude of the United States and of half our own political and Press leaders, it now can and is, in fact, doing so—there is nothing between Russia and the conquest of Western Europe but the American stockpile of atom-bombs. In another year or two there will not even be that.

In the nineteenth century, as a result of our victories in the Napoleonic and earlier French wars, Britain was in an extraordinarily strong strategic position. She used that position, not to conquer and enslave mankind, but to preserve peace and enlarge the bounds of trade, and with it, by and large, of human freedom. There is not a democratic and parliamentary nation in the world to-day, including the United States, which does not to a greater or lesser degree owe part of its liberty to the police services in the nineteenth century of the Royal Navy and of that Navy's assistants, the British and Indian Armies. Together they kept the peace and extinguished the conflagrations caused by the military ambitions of would-be tyrants for a hundred years. The strategic pillars of their pacifying power were Britain's island situation athwart the European trade routes, the protection given her Western Approaches by Ireland, her control from Gibraltar, Malta, the Suez Canal and Aden, from the Cape of Good Hope, Ceylon and Singapore, and from the West Indies and Falklands of the three great ocean routes to the South and East, and, above all, the base and reservoir of disciplined military power afforded by the Indian peninsula and Raj from which, under protection of the Royal Navy, police action could be swiftly taken in any war-threatened parts of the globe from the Levant to the utmost Orient. Never in human history was power exercised with smaller loss of life or more beneficently than by oceanic Britain in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries.

With what celerity in the past half-century have we divested ourselves of that power! It was not taken from us; we gave it away. We surrendered it out of what we like to flatter ourselves—but for which no one else gives us any credit—were the highest motives, and we now justify our inability to keep the peace we once kept and preserve the liberties we once preserved—freedom of the seas, freedom from slavery over large surfaces of the earth, freedom from aggression, petty or large—by declaring that we have become a second-rate Power and can no longer afford the luxury of being strong. Yet any weakness we now suffer—and our people, when faced by necessity, are still probably the most tenacious, the best disciplined, the most socially cohesive fighting men on earth—is the result of our own deliberate divestment of power. After our sacrifices and victory in the first German War we gave independence to Ireland, surrendered the Irish bases (for lack of which thousands of our seamen perished in the Second War) and surrendered our trusteeship in Egypt. After the Second World

War we withdrew from India, Burma, Ceylon, Palestine, the Sudan and the Suez Canal. Most serious of all, we allowed our Navy—the guarantee of our very liberty and existence and the foundation of all our national strategy—to dwindle to a fragment of its former self, leaving Russia the greatest naval Power in the Eastern Hemisphere. There is an old saying that it is foolish to undress before one is ready to go to bed. For a people with an intense love of political and personal liberty, a high accustomed standard of living and strong humanitarian ideals, the price of such unwisdom may prove higher than any of us at present realise.

A RECORD PRICE AT AN OUTSTANDING PICTURE-SALE.



RECENTLY BOUGHT FOR LESS THAN £100 AND AUCTIONED IN LONDON FOR £15,000: "THE CRUCIFIXION WITH THE VIRGIN AND ST. JOHN," BY HENDRICK TERBRUGGHEN (1588-1629). THIS NEWLY-DISCOVERED MASTERPIECE CONTRIBUTED THE THIRD HIGHEST PRICE TO THE TOTAL OF £224,411 IN THE OUTSTANDING SALE OF PICTURES AT MESSRS. SOTHEBY'S ON NOV. 28. (Oil on canvas; 61 by 40½ ins.)

What was undoubtedly the outstanding sale of pictures in London since the war drew a large crowd to the rooms at Sotheby's on November 28. The sale included the group of fourteen works from the collection of the late Jakob Goldschmidt (the most important consignment of works of art from the United States to be sold in London since the war, and illustrated in our issue of November 10) which contributed £136,300 to the day's total of £224,411, the highest for a picture sale in Britain since the Holford sale at Christie's in 1928. The Corot from this collection fetched £27,000, the Murillo £25,000 and the El Greco £14,000. The third highest price of the day, and a record for the artist, was the £15,000 paid by a New York dealer for this very fine painting by Hendrick Terbrugghen which had quite recently been acquired in a furniture shop for less than £100. Among other outstanding prices was £6500 for a fine Fantin-Latour flower-piece, and £2500 (another record) for a magnificent Mareschi.

THE OLYMPIC GAMES AT MELBOURNE: BRITISH TRIUMPHS; AND OUTSTANDING PERFORMANCES.



MAKING HIS SUCCESSFUL APPEAL: C. BRASHER, LATER DECLARED WINNER OF THE 3000 METRES STEEPLECHASE, BECOMING BRITAIN'S FIRST INDIVIDUAL TRACK GOLD MEDALLIST SINCE 1932.



ON THE VICTORY STAND: SHIRLEY STRICKLAND DE LA HUNTY (AUSTRALIA), WINNER OF THE WOMEN'S 80 METRES HURDLES IN THE WORLD RECORD TIME OF 10.7 SECS. (L.), G. KOHLER (GERMANY; SECOND); (R.), N. THROWER (AUSTRALIA; THIRD).



A BRITISH FENCING GOLD MEDALLIST: MISS GILLIAN SHEEN, WHO WON THE FINAL BARRAGE OF THE WOMEN'S INDIVIDUAL FOILS.



THE THREE MEDALLISTS IN A MEMORABLE 800 METRES FINAL: THE WINNER, T. COURTNEY (U.S.), WITH BRITAIN'S D. J. N. JOHNSON (CENTRE), WHO WAS SECOND, AND NORWAY'S A. BOYSEN, WHO WAS THIRD.



THE MOST STYLISH BOXER IN THE GAMES AND ANOTHER BRITISH GOLD MEDAL WINNER: R. McTAGGART, WHO WON THE LIGHTWEIGHT FINAL.



WITH THEIR MEDALS JUST AFTER THE 5000 METRES FINAL: THE RUSSIAN WINNER, V. KUTS (CENTRE), WITH BRITAIN'S GORDON PIRIE (LEFT), WHO CAME SECOND, AND DEREK IBBOTSON, ALSO OF GREAT BRITAIN, WHO WAS THIRD.



A YOUNG BRITISH GOLD MEDALLIST: EIGHTEEN-YEAR-OLD TERRY SPINKS, WHO WON THE OLYMPIC FLYWEIGHT TITLE AT MELBOURNE.

Many Olympic and several world records were broken in the athletics events at the XVIth Olympic Games at Melbourne. One of the outstanding victories in the Games was that of Christopher Brasher, who won the 3000 metres steeplechase in the Olympic record time of 8 mins. 41.2 secs., and became the first British athlete to win an individual Olympic track event since 1932. Brasher's success was made even more notable by his temporary disqualification for "interference," against which he made a successful appeal. A second

British triumph came with the Gold Medal won by Miss Sheen in the Women's Individual Foils. The British boxing team won two Gold Medals—R. McTaggart in the Lightweight and T. Spinks in the Flyweight—while T. Nicholls won a Silver Medal as a finalist in the Featherweight. By December 1 British competitors had won 5 Gold (including the Equestrian Three-Day Event at Stockholm), 5 Silver and 6 Bronze Medals. The United States was leading with 28 Gold, 18 Silver, and 9 Bronze Medals.

SHIPS AND OIL; AN INDIAN RAIL CRASH; AND NEWS FROM GAZA.



THE FIRST TANKER TO BRING OIL TO SCOTLAND SINCE THE CLOSING OF THE SUEZ CANAL: THE *BRITISH REALM* DOCKING AT FINNART, IN LOCH LONG. The 18,751-ton tanker *British Realm* arrived in the Firth of Clyde on November 30. She was the first tanker to reach Scotland from the Persian Gulf via the Cape. She discharged over 18,000 tons of oil at Finnart, where the pipelines had been empty for 19 days.



THE MAIN DECK OF THE FIRST TANKER TO BRING MIDDLE EAST OIL TO ENGLAND SINCE THE CLOSING OF THE SUEZ CANAL: THE *ATHINA LIVANOS* IN THE MEDWAY. Taking 57 days instead of the usual 32, the 18,784-ton tanker *Athina Livanos* reached the Isle of Grain oil refinery in the Medway on November 28, having used the Cape route. With a full load of crude oil from Kuwait, she weathered the Cape route perfectly.



AT THE START OF HER MAIDEN VOYAGE TO THE ANTARCTIC: THE NEW ROYAL RESEARCH SHIP *JOHN BISCOE* LEAVING SOUTHAMPTON ON NOVEMBER 26. The new Royal research ship, the 1584-ton *John Biscoe*, left Southampton on her maiden voyage to the Antarctic on November 26. She carried relief staff and supplies for the permanent bases maintained by the Falkland Islands Dependencies Survey.



NEAR ARIYALUR, SOUTH OF MADRAS: THE WRECKAGE OF A LOCOMOTIVE AND COACHES AFTER A CRASH IN WHICH SOME 144 PEOPLE DIED.

The Indian Minister of Railways, Mr. Lal Bahadur Shastri, resigned on November 26, three days after a railway accident near Ariyalur, in which some 144 people lost their lives. The south-bound Tuticorin express left the rails at speed at a point where the approach embankment of a bridge had been washed away.



AT GAZA: ISRAELI FLAGS FLYING AS THE DEPUTY MAYOR OF GAZA SPEAKS DURING THE FIRST MEETING OF THE CIVIL GOVERNMENT.

This photograph shows the scene during the first meeting of the civil government of Gaza set up by Israel. The meeting was held in the open air. Most of the shops in Gaza are now open again between the hours of curfew, but they have little to sell.



IN THE SINAI DESERT: PART OF A PRISON CAMP IN WHICH ARAB PRISONERS CAPTURED AT GAZA WERE HELD FOR INTERROGATION.

The prisoners shown in this photograph have been undergoing interrogations from the Israeli authorities to determine their identities. According to Israeli reports, many Egyptian soldiers changed their uniforms for Arabian clothes before the fall of Gaza.

AID FOR HUNGARY, AT HOME AND ABROAD; SIR WINSTON'S 82ND BIRTHDAY.



(Above.) A SPECIAL CHRISTMAS CARD, PROCEEDS FROM THE SALES OF WHICH WILL GO TO THE LORD MAYOR'S HUNGARIAN RELIEF FUND: PIETRO ANNIGONI PRESENTING HIS ORIGINAL DESIGN TO THE LORD MAYOR AT THE MANSION HOUSE ON NOVEMBER 30.

It is hoped that 2,000,000 of the special Christmas cards, designed by Pietro Annigoni, will be sold for a shilling each. The proceeds will go to the Lord Mayor's Hungarian Relief Fund. The President of the Greeting Card and Calendar Association has deplored the proposed sale of these cards, "as a matter of principle."

(Right.) ON HIS EIGHTY-SECOND BIRTHDAY: A PHOTOGRAPH, TAKEN TO MARK THE OCCASION, OF SIR WINSTON AND LADY CHURCHILL.

On November 30 Sir Winston Churchill celebrated his eighty-second birthday. He received numerous birthday greetings, including one from her Majesty, and in the evening personal tributes to him, by Mr. Menzies, Prime Minister of Australia, Sir Tom O'Brien, Socialist M.P. for Nottingham West, Field Marshal Earl Alexander of Tunis, Sir Alfred Munnings and Lady Violet Bonham Carter, were broadcast on the Independent Television service. Sir Winston and Lady Churchill spent the day quietly, with members of the family, first at their Hyde Park Gate home and later at Chartwell.



AID FOR HUNGARY AT HAMBURG: PILES OF CLOTHING AND BEDDING COLLECTED IN THE CITY AND AWAITING TRANSPORT TO AUSTRIA.



IN AID OF THE LORD MAYOR'S FUND FOR HUNGARIAN RELIEF: THE MASS MEETING AT THE ALBERT HALL ON NOVEMBER 28.



PRESENT AT THE ALBERT HALL MEETING: SOME OF THE MEN AND WOMEN WHO FOUGHT IN HUNGARY, MASKED TO AVOID IDENTIFICATION. On November 28 a mass meeting, in aid of the Lord Mayor's Hungarian Relief Fund, was held at the Albert Hall. Among the several distinguished persons who spoke was the Archbishop of Canterbury. A group of those who fought in Hungary were present.

THE TRANSFER OF RESPONSIBILITY IN EGYPT: ANGLO-FRENCH AND UNITED NATIONS TROOPS.



TRIGLAV, ONE OF THE THREE YUGOSLAV TROOPSHIPS, BRINGING MEN FOR THE U.N. EMERGENCY FORCE, MOVING THROUGH THE CLEARED CHANNEL AT PORT SAID ON NOVEMBER 29.



MAJOR-GENERAL BURNS (RIGHT), THE CANADIAN COMMANDER OF THE UNITED NATIONS EMERGENCY FORCE, BEING GREETED AT PORT SAID BY GENERAL SIR CHARLES KEIGHTLEY.



BRIGADIER DEAKIN ADMIRING THE PIGEON WHICH MEN OF THE YORK AND LANCASTER REGT. HAD TAKEN ON THE STRENGTH AND ADOPTED AS A MASCOT AFTER LANDING IN EGYPT.



MEN OF THE YORK AND LANCASTER REGT. LEAVING THEIR GOOD WISHES WITH THE DANISH COMPANY WHO HAD TAKEN OVER THEIR POSITIONS AT EL CAP.



THE FIRST TRAIN TO CROSS THE SUEZ NO MAN'S LAND: NORWEGIAN TROOPS LEAVING KANTARA AND WAVING TO EGYPTIANS THERE.



WAITING FOR GENERAL BURNS: THE ALLIED COMMANDERS (L. TO R.) GENERAL BEAUPRE, COMMANDING FRENCH FORCES IN EGYPT; GENERAL SIR CHARLES KEIGHTLEY, THE ALLIED COMMANDER, AND HIS DEPUTY ADMIRAL BARJOT; AND LIEUT.-GENERAL SIR HUGH STOCKWELL, COMMANDING BRITISH FORCES IN EGYPT.

By December 2, it appeared that General Burns had already in Egypt 4000 of the 6000 officers and men who were expected to make up his force; and by this date he had already taken over all the no man's land between the Anglo-French forces and the Egyptians. The first troops to move into this vital buffer position were Danish riflemen; but on December 2 these were relieved by the Kumaon Rifles, part of the Indian contingent of the Emergency Force. In the meanwhile the Yugoslav reconnaissance battalion of 720 officers and men were disembarking at Sherif Quay in Port Said. These, the

only troops of the Emergency Force to arrive by sea, came in the three ships *Triglav*, *Celik* and *Partizanka*, and they sailed into the inner basin of Port Said harbour through the channel which the Royal Navy had cleared, on November 29. They have brought with them a number of scout cars. On December 3, a mixed Danish and Norwegian battalion was to take over the sole responsibility of an area of Port Said itself. At this stage the Emergency Force was not a balanced military organisation and armed police duties seemed about the limit of its powers.



THE SOUNDING-BOARD OF MOST OF THE WORLD'S GOVERNMENTS: THE ROSTRUM OF THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE UNITED NATIONS IN NEW YORK.

This impressive photograph of the rostrum of the General Assembly of the United Nations in New York was taken on November 27, when Norway's Foreign Minister, Mr. H. Lange, at the tribune, was speaking. Listening, above, are (left to right) Mr. Dag Hammarskjöld, the Secretary-General, and the President of the Assembly, Prince Wan Waithayakon, of Thailand. In times of international crisis like the present, the United Nations General

Assembly becomes the great sounding-board for national protest and defence; and in it the grievances of the whole world receive an airing. Sometimes it has seemed that that is all that happens there; but at present the Suez crisis, by causing the creation of the United Nations Emergency Force, has done something to give the United Nations the semblance of power and may have planted the seed for a future effective world police.

AS I write there is no more than a faint sign of a break in the deadlock between the United States and this country over the Suez Canal. The evil effects are clear; on the economic and financial side they may become far worse than they are now. Only, however, when we extend our vision, project it further in terms both of space and time, can we realise to what an extent these evils and these risks may be dwarfed by others not immediately connected with the Canal or still in the womb of fate. The great peril is not a matter for two nations only. It is world-wide in scope. Some tokens of it appeared before the Canal crisis, but it has since expanded to intimidating proportions.

Hostility to the United States is not new. For long it was mainly left-wing, but it spread recently when American oil-men were openly accused of campaigning and intriguing against British interests in the Middle East. It was unhappy, but I do not believe that many people who favoured Anglo-American friendship—the great majority and the staunchest elements—then contemplated a reappraisal. All that has been changed. The sentiment has appeared on the right wing, and not on the far right wing only, but among moderate Conservatives and others who have no definite party affiliations. The possibility that it would inspire a vast body of opinion, perhaps even the majority, taking in those of every type and political faith, would have been scouted only a short while ago. It is not scouted to-day.

Among those who resent most deeply the action of the United States in the Suez affair, and still more her official attitude, are many who are her warmest friends and admirers. Some of them are saying that the time has come to reconsider our whole national policy and strategy. Might it not, they are asking, suit both our economic interest and our security to move gradually to a more central position and become more aloof from the conflict of power and ideals in which the opposing champions are the United States and Soviet Russia? Sometimes they add with a touch of gall that reproach would not lie in the mouth of Americans, who assumed such a position on two previous occasions. I do not support these views, which at best seem to me impractical, but I have met them personally.

To pass on to another personal experience, Americans in this country have appeared to be equally perturbed and anxious, but wiser in their comments. They believe that the damage is repairable and that it is urgently necessary to repair it. They feel that official relations have reached an incredible pass, that at the moment the two Governments, always so closely in touch in recent years, are virtually out of contact. They say frankly that the breaking of contact is on the American side, but hope that it may not be due so much to policy as to temporary absence of any policy at all. The gap created by the sickness of the Secretary of State has not been filled by a President who is far short of recovery from his own physical trials.

It is not suggested that they fail to criticise Anglo-French action in Egypt. Some do so sharply. Yet two comments often heard amount to accusations of clumsiness or timidity rather than of wickedness. The first is that forcible action in early September would have been preferable to that taken upwards of two months later. The second is a question: "Why did you halt without getting a proper grip on the Canal?" Study of the Press suggests that a similar outlook is to be found among the people at home. What seems certain—and this is the happiest aspect of the whole wretched business—is that a great

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD.

WHERE ARE WE GOING?

By CYRIL FALLS,

Sometime Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

number of thinking Americans, some influential, are eager to do all they can to put things right.

Troubles are apt to appear in company. This has appeared at a time when the fruits of the North Atlantic Treaty, in which the United States



RETURNED FROM NEW YORK: THE FOREIGN SECRETARY, WHO FLEW BACK TO LONDON ON NOVEMBER 28.

Mr. Selwyn Lloyd returned to London from New York on November 28. He quickly reported on his talks to his colleagues in the Cabinet, but, on the following day, he made only an interim statement in the House of Commons. He made the expected important statement in the House on December 3, announcing the forthcoming withdrawal of the Anglo-French forces from Egypt.



IN LONDON FOR ANGLO-TURKISH TALKS ON SYRIA: MR. ETHEM MENDERES (RIGHT), ACTING TURKISH FOREIGN MINISTER, AT LONDON AIRPORT ON NOVEMBER 29, WITH THE TURKISH AMBASSADOR, MR. URGUPLU.

Immediately after conferring with the other Moslem members of the Baghdad Pact, Mr. Ethem Menderes, the acting Turkish Foreign Minister, flew to London for talks with Mr. Selwyn Lloyd on the situation in Syria, where there have been reports of growing Communist influence. Cyprus was also discussed by the two Ministers.

and the United Kingdom are both so deeply concerned and so closely connected, are showing signs of blight. To a general impatience with the burdens of N.A.T.O. and the longing of ministers of democracies for more money for welfare and largesse have been added doubts about the value of much of the expenditure and a feeling among

the peoples that if there should be another war their efforts will not count. A loosening or weakening of the North Atlantic Treaty would start from causes independent of the Canal crisis but would be gravely accelerated by its effects.

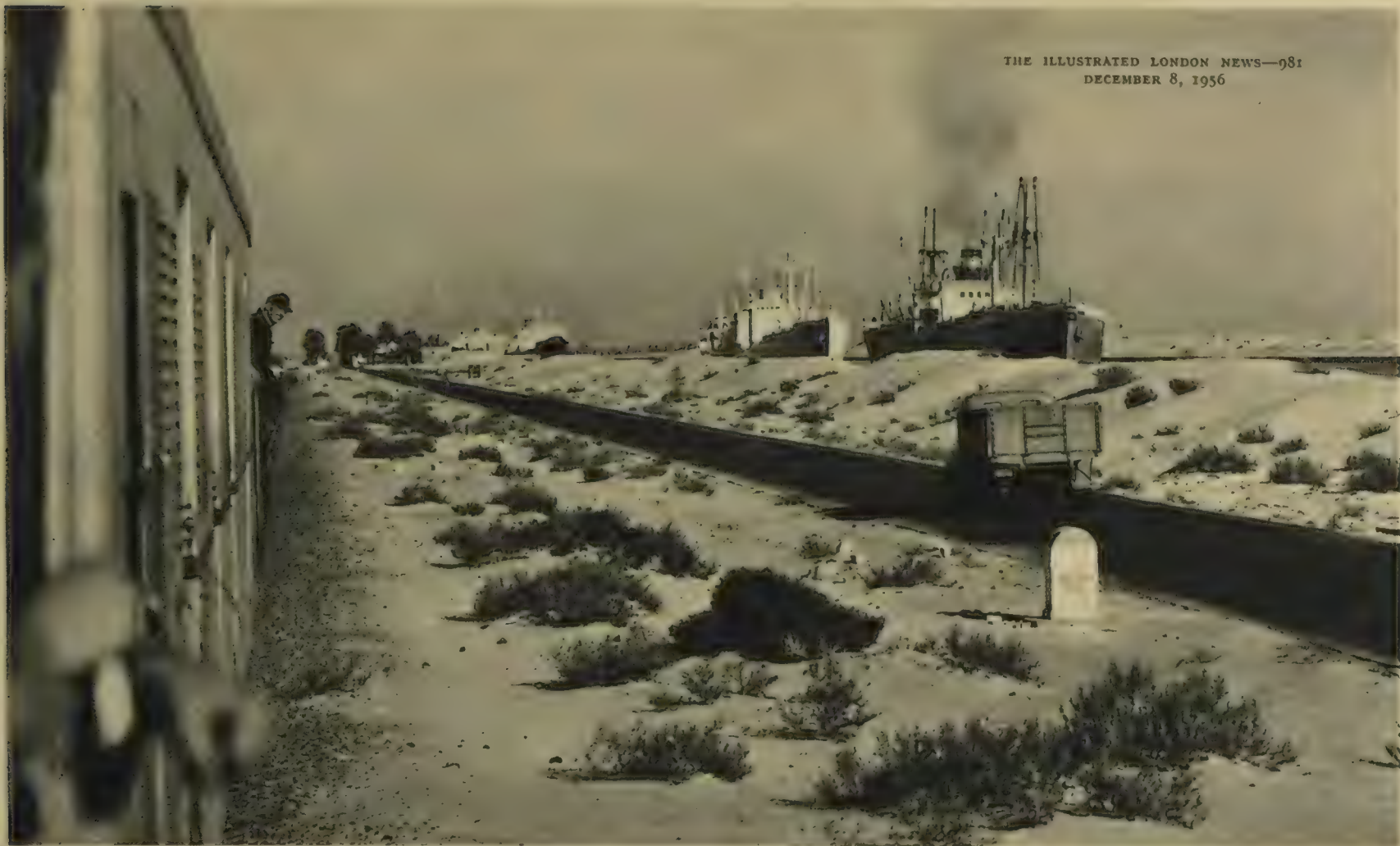
Within the field of another international treaty, the Baghdad Pact, deep anxiety has been caused by the arrival of Russian aircraft and "specialists" in Syria. There are also reports of Russian shipments to the port of Latakia. Russia has invented the technique of supplying a country, through which she hopes to make trouble, with modern aircraft, tanks, and other special equipment, and providing expert personnel for training and maintenance. In case of special need, pilots, drivers, and other specialists might be flown out to use this equipment. Only those who always find their own country in the wrong can argue that this is a result of Anglo-French action in Egypt. It is quite clear that this action was just in time to prevent the maturing in Egypt of a scheme similar to that begun later on in Syria.

We cannot afford, I submit, to "go it alone" in a world constituted as it is to-day, however great the temptations on the surface. At the same time we cannot for a moment agree with the assumption which has crept into the United States Government, that American leadership of the free world entitles it to expect instant and unquestioning obedience from every ally, even the strongest. One of the most disturbing features of the quarrel has been the American hypothesis that this is a case of a subordinate or even a mercenary quitting the ranks in defiance of orders. We are not so abject as to feel that we lie open to such a charge. And we should almost certainly be a less desirable partner if we were.

On the narrower issue the most promising contribution from the United States would be recognition of our plea that the Suez Canal should remain an international waterway placed outside the control of any single Power. Our plea, yes, but though it has been temporarily obscured in the United States it was, as Mr. Menzies reminded us in his remarkable speech of November 28, the core of the eighteen Powers' proposals, and they were drawn up by the United States. This would be a good start. The purpose of this article is, however, to show that the tragedy calls for more far-reaching remedies. An essential first step

towards them would be to restore the contact which all evidence shows to have been lacking. Without it, to take one instance, there can be no collaboration over the problem of Russian intrusion into the Middle East.

Beyond that again there should be recognition of the fact that Russian chauvinism has revived and translation of this recognition into policy. The martyrdom of Hungary is more than distressing; it is also a warning. What happens in the near future may exercise a decisive influence upon the future history of the world. Many people realise that danger exists, few how serious it is. I have criticised the United States, but in fact the issue is so great that it drives into the background the question of individual national responsibility. The great thing is to shake off the fetters of confusion and prejudice. There is a vital cause to be defended. If we do not re-create now the spirit which formerly reinforced that cause, we may not have another chance.



TAKEN FROM THE TRAIN CARRYING THE NORWEGIAN U.N. TROOPS TO PORT SAID: A PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING SOME OF THE THIRTEEN FOREIGN MERCHANT VESSELS TRAPPED IN THE SUEZ CANAL NORTH OF THE DESTROYED EL FIRDAN BRIDGE BY THE EGYPTIAN OBSTRUCTIONS.

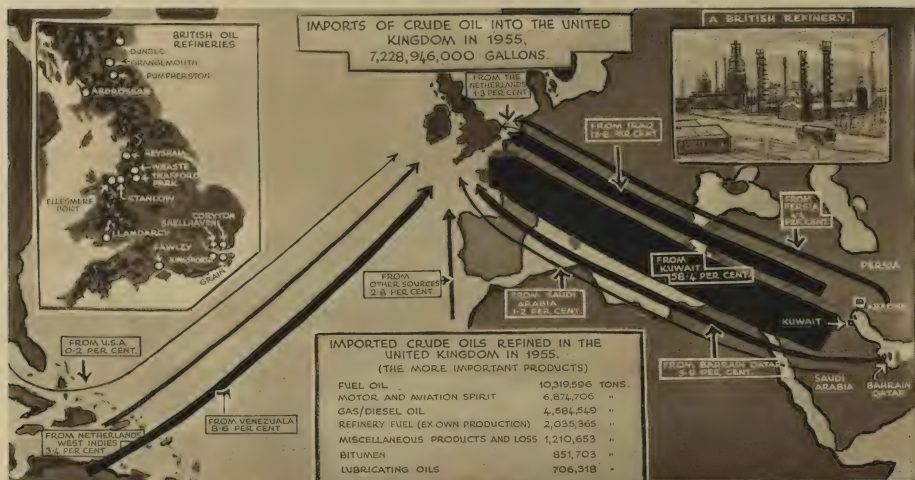


THE FIRST SHIP TO ENTER PORT SAID HARBOUR THROUGH THE CHANNEL CLEARED BY THE BRITISH SALVAGE FLEET: THE 2650-TON FAST MINELAYER H.M.S. *MANXMAN* MOVING INTO THE HARBOUR ON NOVEMBER 26. THIS PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN FROM THE BRIDGE OF THE SUNKEN DREDGER *PAUL SOLENTE*.

THE SUEZ CANAL: THE TRAPPED MERCHANT VESSELS; AND THE FIRST SHIP INTO PORT SAID HARBOUR.

The tremendous achievements of the Anglo-French salvage teams in clearing a channel through the obstacles blocking Port Said Harbour and the entrance into the Suez Canal were confirmed on November 27, when the 2650-ton fast minelayer *Manxman* sailed into the harbour, closely followed by the much larger Liberty ship *Harpagon*, of 10,500 tons deadweight. The channel cleared was then 160 ft. wide and something over 25 ft. deep. It was thought, according to an Admiralty report, that it should be possible to release through this channel into the Mediterranean

some of the thirteen foreign merchant ships trapped in the Canal north of the destroyed El Firdan bridge by the Egyptian obstructions. Pilots consider that some of the ships, which are facing south, could be turned and brought to Port Said—provided that the Egyptian authorities do not impede them in any way. At the time of writing, it appears that the Egyptians have refused a United Nations request that these ships should now be permitted to leave the Canal. The thirteen ships include 1 Dutch, 3 Italian, 3 Liberian, 2 Norwegian, 2 Panamanian, 1 Russian and 1 Swedish.



NORTH BOUND OIL TRAFFIC THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL TO THE UNITED KINGDOM IN 1955
20,543,000 METRIC TONS.

AVERAGE TIME TAKEN FOR A TANKER TO PASS THROUGH THE SUEZ CANAL IS ABOUT 12 HOURS AND DUES AVERAGE ABOUT £5,700 FOR THE PASSAGE OF A 32,000 TON FULLY LOADED SHIP.



MOTOR SPIRIT USED IN THE UNITED KINGDOM IN 1955.		IN TONS
	CARS, MOTOR CYCLES, ETC.	3,000,000
	TAXI CABS	65,000
	SMALL PUBLIC SERVICE VEHICLES	130,000
	SMALL GOODS VEHICLES	2,210,000
	FOR INDUSTRIAL USE	190,000
	FOR AGRICULTURAL USE	250,000
	USED BY THE SERVICES, ETC.	335,000
	PETROL INDUSTRY (OWN USE)	27,000
	MISCELLANEOUS	33,000

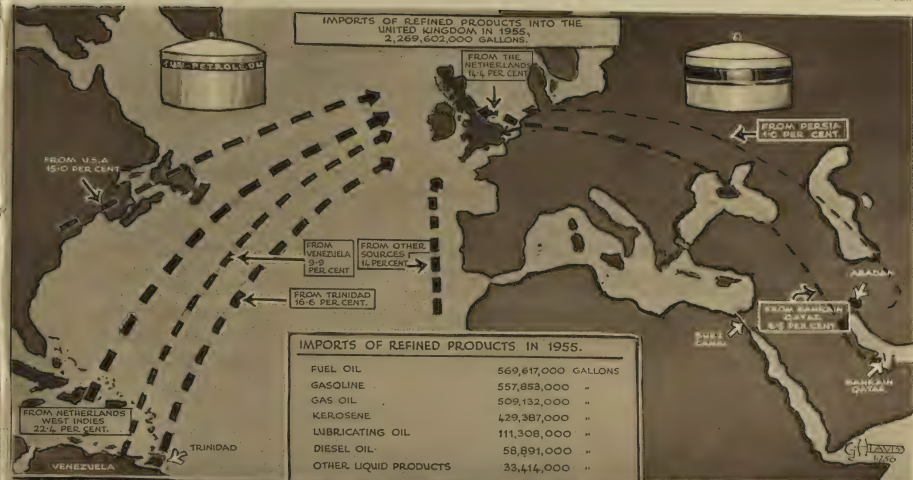
DERV OR DIESEL FUEL USED IN THE U.K. IN 1955.		IN TONS
	PUBLIC SERVICE VEHICLES	850,000
	GOODS VEHICLES	710,000
	OTHER USERS	41,000
BURNING OILS USED IN THE U.K. IN 1955.		
	FARMING	25,000
	INDUSTRIAL AND RAILWAYS	52,000
	USED BY THE SERVICES	57,000
	DOMESTIC HEATING, LIGHTING AND COOKING	358,000
VAPORISING OILS USED IN THE U.K. IN 1955.		
	AGRICULTURAL TRACTORS	640,000
	STATIONARY ENGINES FOR AGRICULTURAL USE	17,000
	FISHING	12,000
	INDUSTRIAL	20,000
AVIATION FUELS USED IN THE U.K. IN 1955.		
	AVIATION FUELS	1,697,805

PROBLEMS CAUSED BY THE SUEZ CANAL CRISIS: A MAP AND TABLES ILLUSTRATING

The primary effect for Britain of the closing of the Suez Canal has been described as "less oil at greater cost in foreign exchange." As long as the Canal remains closed and as long as the oil pipelines from Iraq to the Mediterranean remain out of use the oil shortage is likely to continue. The much longer route for tankers round the Cape means the oil can not be delivered so fast as previously, and although it would be possible greatly to reduce the shortage by increasing imports from America, at the time of writing the American Government had not committed itself to giving the assistance

necessary to make this possible. The Government are obviously not expecting the shortage to be relieved in the near future, and the petrol and Diesel oil rationing scheme is designed to reduce consumption by about 25 per cent. Oil is not the only commodity affected by the crisis; normally about 25 per cent of both British imports and exports passed through the Canal. With the longer journey round the Cape, involving pressure on the cargo space available and extra costs, the closed Canal will have a noticeable throttling effect, both physical and financial, on British imports and exports. Communications,

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, WITH THE



BRITISH IMPORTS AND USES OF OIL, TANKER ROUTES AND SOURCES OF SUPPLY.

both civil and military, with the Far East are severely hampered. The probable effects of this upheaval are rising prices and possibly some unemployment. The car industry has already been affected, some firms now working short time, and the price of tea has already increased. A further effect is that the Budget, already upset by the estimated £50,000,000 required for the military operation in the Middle East, will now lose the income from the tax on petrol and Diesel fuel, although the tax can, of course, be increased, and any drop in production will reduce the revenues from company taxation. A serious

danger is that the dollar balance will be upset, and this is said to be one of the biggest of the many problems raised by the Canal blockage. However quickly the Canal may be reopened, it is quite certain that recent events will bring about radical changes in the future. No guarantees on the free passage through the Canal will be completely foolproof, and this is likely to result, for instance, in the designing and construction of tanker fleets which can operate economically via the Cape, increased efficiency in the use of coal and the speeding up of the programme for nuclear power stations.

CO-OPERATION OF THE PETROLEUM INFORMATION BUREAU.



PORT SAID FROM THE AIR SEEN FROM THE NORTH-WEST, TAKEN ON NOVEMBER 23: AN OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPH WHICH REBUTS THE CLAIMS OF EXCESSIVE DAMAGE TO THE TOWN. IN THE RIGHT CENTRE IS THE PRINCIPAL AREA OF DAMAGE—A FORMER WOODEN "SHANTY TOWN" DESTROYED NOT BY BOMBING BUT BY FIRE.



THE SAME VIEW AS THE ABOVE, BUT A LITTLE NEARER TO THE HARBOUR MOUTH. ON THE LEFT CAN BE SEEN THE BURNT FOUNDATIONS OF SOME ROWS OF BEACH HUTS. IN THE RIGHT CENTRE BACKGROUND, TO THE RIGHT OF AN OPEN SPACE WITH TENTS, IS A DAMAGED BLOCK OF FLATS.



THE EASTERN END OF GAMIL AIRFIELD, WITH PORT SAID LYING IN THE BACKGROUND. THIS WAS ONE OF THE PRINCIPAL DROPPING AREAS FOR THE BRITISH PARACHUTE TROOPS. BETWEEN THE AIRFIELD AND THE TOWN LIE A SEWAGE WORKS AND CEMETERY. RIGHT FOREGROUND, SOME MORTAR-BOMB CRATERS.

WHAT NASSER HAS CLAIMED AS "ANOTHER STALINGRAD": UNDAMAGED PORT SAID IN PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN ON NOV. 23.

Some fantastic claims have been made by the Egyptian propaganda authorities about the "defence" of Port Said, in which the "heroism" of the Egyptian troops and the "heavy damage" suffered by the town have been compared with the defence of Stalingrad. According to these absurd claims 4000 Anglo-French parachute troops were killed, many by women and children; 10,000 inhabitants of Port Said lost their lives; and one-third of the town was said to be destroyed. These three photographs are an ample rebuttal of all this. They are from a single reel of film, exposed

on November 23, and in the two upper photographs, which overlap, can be seen a few burnt-out beach huts—the sort of thing that might happen on a careless Bank Holiday—and to the right of a V-junction, a blackened area. This was the scene of some Egyptian mortar-firing, which was returned by the Allies. As a result, a wooden "shanty town" was burnt down. As can be seen, mosques and modern flats immediately beside the area are untouched. A single block of flats a little nearer the harbour from which an Egyptian mortar fired was also damaged.



SOME 40,000 PEOPLE EXPRESS SYMPATHY FOR HUNGARY IN PRAYER : THE SCENE IN ST. PETER'S, ROME, ON NOVEMBER 25, WHEN A VAST CONGREGATION FILLED THE GREAT BASILICA.

Some 40,000 people gathered in St. Peter's basilica in Rome on November 25 to offer prayers for Hungary and for world peace. This photograph shows the scene as viewed looking over the High Altar, towards the main entrance. The strongest possible plea for United Nations intervention in Hungary was made recently by *Il Quotidiano*, the Catholic Action newspaper in Rome, while the Vatican City newspaper *Osservatore Romano* declared that the United Nations should have acted in the case of Hungary no less

drastically than it did in the case of the Middle East. On November 28 a mass meeting, organised by the European-Atlantic Group in aid of the Lord Mayor's Fund for Hungarian relief, was held in the Albert Hall, in London. The meeting was opened by the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Liverpool, Dr. Godfrey, and closed by the Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, who said that the rulers of Russia had become "to a unique degree instruments and slaves of the devil." Over 3000 people attended the meeting.

THE STRANGE GENIUS-DWARF OF MONTMARTRE.

"THE TRAGIC LIFE OF TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, 1864-1901." By L. and E. HANSON.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

MR. and MRS. HANSON are certainly a versatile couple. They have written books about Mrs. Carlyle, George Eliot and General Gordon, and lives also of Gauguin and Van Gogh: I should not be surprised were they to train their efficient batteries next upon Blondin, Gustavus Adolphus or W. G. Grace. This time they are concerned with a draughtsman and painter contemporary with Gauguin and Van Gogh, a man increasingly famous in our time and one of whom, I think (in spite of the enormous literature about him in other languages), no biography has, until now, been published in the English tongue. A bibliography appears at the end of this volume: books in quantities, newspaper articles in quantities. I think a list of the more important extant works, whether in colour or black-and-white, with information about their present whereabouts, would have been more useful. Frankly, I think that Toulouse-Lautrec's work is far more interesting than his sad, squalid life. As I made my way through chapter after chapter of this book, I became nauseated with the monotony of that haggard Bohemia where Lautrec found entertainment and oblivion as a man, and inspiration as an artist. Here is a representative passage: "Night after night whenever he had been successfully 'rescued' from the Rue des Moulins [a brothel], he would drive up to one of his favourite cafés-concert where, at his special table, surrounded by companions and the vivacious buzz of talk on every side, he revelled in the bright lights, the garish colours, the loud music, the lewd song and suggestive dance, commenting on anything and everything—audience, performer, friend—at the top of his voice, drinking copiously the mixtures he had ordered from a bewildered waiter and forced on to reluctant friends, applauding stertorously and from time to time making quick sketches in the book that always lay open on the table." As for those mixtures which so bewildered the waiter, we read elsewhere: "The time was to come when Toulouse-Lautrec would merely pour into a jug everything he could find—brandy, whisky, rum, wine, absinthe, gin and a host of aperitifs—shake, drink with gusto and insist that his friends did the same": not the man to put in charge of a cocktail bar. That he should have had delirium tremens, that he should have spent some time in an asylum, and that he should have died young is not surprising. Plenty of men take to dissipation, for one reason or another; but what made this unusually talented draughtsman indulge in a life of squalid debauch which might have been despised by a sewer-rat? It certainly wasn't finance, as it often is with artists. "Now Panurge," says Rabelais, "was suffering from a disease at that time common, namely, lack of money." Science has not yet

extirpated this painful malady, but it certainly never afflicted Toulouse-Lautrec, or he never could have mixed his monstrous cocktails. He came of one of the most ancient and illustrious families of France with a famous Crusading name, and there was money enough left to provide him with an allowance which made him independent of his earnings, which—especially from music-hall posters—were sometimes considerable. The trouble seems unlikely to have been the pangs of unrequited love: it may be that when the little debauchee announced "There is no such thing as love, only desire,"

that sour grapes were involved and the proud offspring of the Toulouses was using the shield of cynicism to cover an agonising wound—but I doubt if the not-unself-satisfied clown could have been as romantic as all that. Our authors ascribe Lautrec's whole career to the fact that he was a deformed dwarf, at whom even little children laughed when they passed him in the street. In youth his bones seem to have been brittle. He broke first one leg, then the other: they remained



"LA COMTESSE DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC-MONFA, MERE DE L'ARTISTE," PAINTED BY TOULOUSE-LAUTREC AT CELEYRAN IN 1881 OR 1883.

(From the Musée d'Albi. Photograph by Groc.)

Illustrations reproduced from the book "The Tragic Life of Toulouse-Lautrec, 1864-1901"; by courtesy of the publishers, Secker and Warburg, with Chatto and Windus.



HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC SEEN IN A DOUBLE-EXPOSURE PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN 1890 WHEN THE ARTIST WAS TWENTY-SIX.

Reproduced by courtesy of "Art News."



TOULOUSE-LAUTREC: A PORTRAIT IN OILS BY E. VUILLARD, DATING FROM 1897.

(From the Musée d'Albi. Photograph by Groc.)

as thin as matchsticks (he wore wide trousers to hide them) and never grew any more. He reached manhood 4 ft. 6 ins. in height, with a normal body with tiny legs and a huge head, with a ruddy complexion and a large bulbous nose. There, suggest our authors, lies the explanation of all his Parisian life.

They assist themselves with a generalisation and an illustration: both, I think, rash and misguided. Here is the generalisation: "One must bear in mind constantly that the deformed man or woman never forget their deformation, never for one instant, appearing to themselves even more horrible or comic than they really are; nothing will convince them otherwise. A deformed body leads therefore to a deformed life. Toulouse-

Lautrec was to express this unavoidable twist in a fashion which, though lamentable, is comprehensible and which, though it destroyed the man, was to make the artist." But "a deformed body leads therefore to a deformed life" I cannot accept, although it assists a nice tidy pattern of thought. It must be a lucky reader—though I am not sure about that—who has never known a dwarf or a hunchback or a man or boy, imperfect from birth or damaged in the wars, and hobbling about with a high iron under one foot. The same applies to the blind: surely everybody must have known some of those. My own experience certainly does not confirm our authors' generalisation. I have known cripples assured, modest and considerate, merely accepting their handicaps. And I have known blind people gentle and wise and fuller of light than many of those who see the light of day. I don't like these easy materialistic explanations.

The illustration in confirmation is drawn, not from French, but from English, history. The authors say: "The effect of deformation on the mind and so on behaviour is irremediable and beyond normal calculation; one may deplore this effect but one cannot contest it. The world offers many examples of whom, to the English, Byron is probably the best known. Byron was lame. His lameness not only soured his life but dictated the course of it; he behaved as he did, lived as he did because he was lame; that removed, his history would have been different."

Well, I suppose that that malignant owl, Karl Marx, would have agreed with all that: the Materialist Interpretation. For myself I think it all nonsense, especially as bearing on the history of the French dwarf who continued the tradition of Daumier, was influenced by Japanese prints, and might have found in London a brother-artist (I hope I shan't shock the intellectuals) in Phil May, who could also, with a few strokes, depict high-kickers as well as the best of them. Byron is reputed to have had a club-foot: I have never seen one and don't know what it is; to me it remains in the realm of "hammer-toes," for which certain friends of mine were turned

down for the First War. But Byron played for Harrow against Eton at cricket and made a passable little score with a boy suitably called Shakespeare, and Byron swam the Hellespont, as Leander swam it to greet Hero. Byron's invisible flaw handicapped him but a little, if at all: a slight, very slight, limp across the ballroom floor, an introduction, a hand held out, and there was the most enchanting young man, and a poet to boot, in Europe, even if he was (as Lady Caroline put it) "bad, mad, and dangerous to know."

Byron had his hours of squalor. They weren't like Toulouse-Lautrec's

and they were soon over. He was never overwhelmed by vulgarity, and he died at Missolonghi, a very different sort of place from the Moulin-Rouge or the Folies-Bergère. Byron is no impeccable hero of mine: but I do hate to see him bracketed with this coarse little dwarf.

Lautrec was always proud of his ancestry, and thought that the proclamation of it was a sufficient defence when he had grossly misbehaved himself. But I don't think his ancestors, snobbery apart, would have been proud of him. They wouldn't have had *la nostalgie de la boue*. That is what this genius had.

* "The Tragic Life of Toulouse-Lautrec, 1864-1901." By Lawrence and Elisabeth Hanson. Illustrated. (Secker and Warburg, with Chatto and Windus; 25s.)

OUR TWELVE FIELD MARSHALS: THE BRITISH ARMY'S HIGHEST RANK.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR WILLIAM
SLIM, G.C.B.
PROMOTED IN 1949.



FIELD MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT
ALANBROOKE, K.G., O.M.
PROMOTED IN 1944.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR JOHN
HARDING, G.C.B.
PROMOTED IN 1953.



FIELD MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE
OF WINDSOR, K.G. CREATED FIELD
MARSHAL IN 1936.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR CLAUDE
AUCHINLECK, G.C.B.
PROMOTED IN 1946.



FIELD MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH, K.G. CREATED FIELD
MARSHAL IN 1953.



FIELD MARSHAL THE VISCOUNT
MONTGOMERY OF ALAMEIN, K.G.
PROMOTED IN 1944.



FIELD MARSHAL SIR GERALD
TEMPLER, G.C.B.
PROMOTED NOVEMBER 28, 1956.



FIELD MARSHAL THE EARL
ALEXANDER OF TUNIS, K.G.
PROMOTED IN 1944.



FIELD MARSHAL THE LORD IRONSIDE, G.C.B.
PROMOTED IN 1940.



FIELD MARSHAL H.R.H. THE DUKE OF GLOUCESTER,
K.G. CREATED FIELD MARSHAL IN 1955.



FIELD MARSHAL THE LORD WILSON, G.C.B.
PROMOTED IN 1944.

The promotion of Sir Gerald Templer to the rank of Field Marshal, announced on November 28, brought the total number of Field Marshals to twelve, and of these, three are Royal personages. The rank of Field Marshal was first created in 1736 by King George II and since then there have been appointed over 100 British Field Marshals, including Royal personages, and the rank has also been conferred upon several foreign sovereigns. Promotion to the rank is not, as with other army promotions, by seniority, and recommendations for promotion are made by the Secretary of State for War. Since the First

World War, the General Officers holding the rank have mostly been soldiers distinguished in active service, but formerly the rank was often conferred on men not distinguished in this way. The word marshal is derived from the old High German words *marah*, horse, and *scalc*, caretaker, and its ascent to its present high significance was largely due to the great importance of cavalry in the warfare of bygone times. The Field Marshal's baton is presented to the newly-created Field Marshal personally by the Sovereign. (Photograph of Earl Alexander by Eric Skipsey.)



THE QUEEN DINES WITH HER ARMY: THE ROYAL PROCESSION, HEADED BY HER MAJESTY, MOVING ALONG THE CENTRE OF THE GREAT HALL, IN THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, CHELSEA.

When the Queen arrived at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, on November 27 to attend a dinner given in her honour by the Army Council and the Army, she was received at the Governor's entrance by Mr. John Hare, the Secretary of State for War, and Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff. With other members of the Royal family her Majesty walked in procession from the state dining-room to the Great Hall, where her arrival was heralded by a Royal salute sounded by the State Trumpeters of the Household Cavalry. Lights from the chandeliers in the ancient hall shone on the

display of regimental silver, a piece contributed by each regiment and corps in the Army, which adorned the two long tables in the hall at which were seated 175 guests. These included most of the Field Marshals, Generals and Lieut.-Generals in the Army. The dinner was prepared, cooked and served by the Navy, Army and Air Force Institutes, of which the Queen is patron. The magnificent scene was televised and viewers saw the Queen, a glittering figure in a dress of gold and silver brocade with a diamond tiara, necklace and ear-rings, take her place at the centre of the top table. A War Office statement

before the dinner announced that it was to mark "the three hundredth anniversary of the Standing Army," but what precisely this meant was in some doubt. An explanation was given by Mr. John Hare in his speech at the dinner when he said: "It is true that some regiments have celebrated their tercentenary, but it did not take me long to realise that the main overwhelming reason for this dinner was, as *The Times* so shrewdly surmised last week, that the Army wished to do honour to your Majesty." In replying to the toast of her health, the Queen paid some moving tributes to the

Army in which "I take great pride," and she quoted from a letter by a soldier, just transferred from his old regiment to a new one, written to his former Colonel. The soldier described his feelings as being "something like a man who has awakened from an operation to find himself minus a limb. They have taken my cap badge away and with it the great love of my life. The traditions of my county regiment are in my blood..." The Queen concluded her speech by offering her congratulations to Sir Gerald Templer, C.I.G.S., on his promotion to the rank of Field Marshal.

THE CITY THAT JOSHUA DESTROYED WHEN ISRAEL CONQUERED CANAAN: THE LATE AND MIDDLE BRONZE AGE LEVELS OF HAZOR UNCOVERED.

By YIGAEI YADIN, PH.D., Lecturer in Archaeology at the Hebrew University, Jerusalem, and Director of the James A. de Rothschild Expedition at Hazor.

(The first report of the excavation of the great city of Hazor, in northern Israel, between the Sea of Galilee and Lake Huleh, appeared in our issue of April 14, 1956. In our last issue General Yadin described the progress of the second season of excavation, with particular attention to Areas A and B, the former mainly buildings of the time of Solomon, Ahab and Jeroboam II, the latter the citadel, which in the time of Pekah was sacked by Tiglath Pileser III. In this article he is concerned with two areas in the huge Canaanite site of the Middle and Late Bronze Age—the Hazor of the El Amarna letters and the scene of Joshua's triumph over Jabin.)

AREA C (excavated under the supervision of Mrs. T. Dothan). This area (Fig. 1), which lies within the big enclosure of the Canaanite city—was last year the scene of startling and

erection of the wall—and some to the Late Bronze Period, in the final phases of the occupation of this site. These walls, together with others found in trial digs in other parts of the rampart, show that that type of earthen rampart was much more intricately built than could have been assumed before. In order to investigate further the remains of the Canaanite city which met its end in the thirteenth century B.C. we enlarged the area of excavations to the north and, in fact, nearly doubled it. This area yielded numerous interesting and striking finds. It appeared that the whole vicinity of the sanctuary was occupied by storerooms full of big jars, as well as potters' workshops, all probably connected with the sanctuary.

In one of the potter's workshops we discovered a complete potter's wheel (made of two pieces of

(the latest city) in the area excavated last year. Below stratum I appeared the remains of another city (stratum II) dating to an earlier phase of the Late Bronze Age (fourteenth century B.C., approximately, in the el Amarna period). Removing stratum II we have reached still another city (stratum III), which appears to be built on virgin soil, and thus is the oldest in this area. This city, belonging to the last phase of the Middle Bronze Age (seventeenth–sixteenth century B.C.), was effectively destroyed by fire, most probably by one of the Egyptian Pharaohs of the New Kingdom, Amenophis II or, more probably, Thut-Mose III. Thus we have here a gap in occupation between the beginning of the fifteenth century and the fourteenth century B.C. But the most pathetic sight was to be discovered below the floors of the houses of this city (Fig. 5): scores of infant burials in jars (Figs. 2 and 4). Each contained a skeleton of an infant accompanied by one or two juglets which might have contained water, or milk; in some cases the jars were found to contain the skeletons of two infants. This practice is known also from other sites of the same period, but the great number of burials in each room—some of them obviously buried at one time—might indicate a plague as the cause of their death. AREA F (excavated under the supervision of



FIG. 1. BRONZE AGE HAZOR: A GENERAL VIEW OF AREA C, SHOWING THE CITY OF JOSHUA'S TIME AND EARLIER.

This is the area in which the Canaanite holy place was found last year; and this lies just to the right of the dark trench in the centre background. In the centre right are houses of the newly-found Canaanite site of the thirteenth century B.C. (the city which Joshua

conquered); and on the left is the lower stratum of the Middle Bronze Age (seventeenth and sixteenth centuries B.C.), the site of the infant burials and the city which was destroyed by the Egyptians under Amenophis II or Thut-Mose III.

interesting discoveries. Here, at the foot of the big rampart, we uncovered the Canaanite sanctuary, with its "Holy of Holies" still intact, the sculpture of the god, the row of cult stelæ and the orthostat of the lion, as well as an offering table and offering vessels. In this area, too, we discovered last year, the remains of the last Canaanite city, just 1 metre (3 ft. 3 ins.) below the surface, with clear evidence (including Mycenaean pottery) of its destruction in the thirteenth century B.C.—the time of the occupation of Canaan by the tribes of Israel.

It was natural, therefore, that this year we continued the dig in the area in order to clarify further some vital points. This year's dig was not less rewarding. The clearance of the vicinity of the sanctuary disclosed another room, full with stelæ, thrown in disorder and lying in heaps. Was this a store-room of the sanctuary or were the stelæ thrown into it by the conquerors? This we could not establish. While clearing this area we discovered, to our great surprise, an intricate system of stone walls and buttresses supporting the lower slopes of the earthen wall—some of them dating to the Middle Bronze Period (eighteenth–seventeenth centuries B.C.)—the date of the

basalt still *in situ* (Fig. 3), with one of the potter's last products, before he had to abandon the place: a beautiful clay cult mask (Fig. 6), with holes pierced at its sides to enable it to be fastened to the face (a similar mask, but inferior in make, we discovered last year in area D). In what appears as the store-room of the potter we discovered about forty complete vessels: chalices, bowls, lamps and juglets. But the greatest prize was still to come. Hidden below a heap of bowls (Fig. 7), and stored in a specially prepared jar, we found one of the most interesting of our finds in this area: a cult standard (Fig. 9). The standard is a bronze-made plaque (Fig. 8), with a tang for fastening it to a pole. The face of the standard, silver-plated, bears the image of the snake-goddess holding a snake in each hand; above her is her emblem: a crescent and a conventional sign of a snake, which also appears in the lower part of the standard. This standard must have belonged, too, to the treasures of the sanctuary, and was used probably in the cult procession, in which the priests carried the standards of various gods.

In order to establish the date of the earliest occupation of the enclosure, we removed stratum I

Mr. J. Perrot). This new area also lies within the enclosure of the Canaanite city, a few hundred yards eastwards of area D. The direct reason for our dig in this area was a big stone protruding from the ground. This stone turned out to be a huge altar (Figs. 15 and 17), weighing about 5 tons and hewn from one block of stone. It was obvious that some attempts were made, at the latest phase of occupation of the site, to pull the altar down. After clearing the neighbourhood of the altar, the following picture emerged of the last phase of occupation (stratum I, thirteenth century B.C.): the altar—already built in the earlier period—stood at the centre of an open court, an open channel leading to it, flanked on two sides by a series of large rooms containing many big storage jars (Fig. 12), extremely fine Mycenaean pottery (Fig. 13), a stand for incense vessels and an offering table (?) made of basalt (Fig. 16); at the northern side of the court a big platform made of small, rough stones was discovered, which served most probably as a cult high-place or *Bammah*. A stand for incense was found on it and a beautiful two-piece alabaster vessel was lying just to the south of it, in a built niche.

[Continued opposite.

BRONZE AGE HAZOR: INFANT BURIALS; A CULT MASK; AND POTTER'S WHEEL.

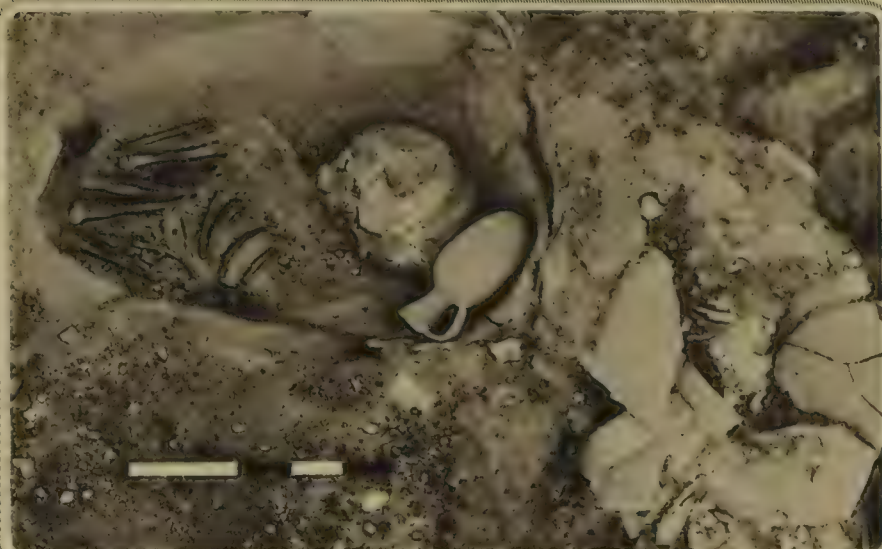


FIG. 2. ONE OF THE INFANT JAR BURIALS FOUND IN THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE STRATUM OF AREA C. BESIDE THE SKULL IS A JUGLET, WHICH PROBABLY HELD MILK.



FIG. 4. TWO OF A NUMBER OF LARGE JARS, EACH CONTAINING AN INFANT BURIAL AND SOME MINIATURE BOWLS AND POTS, FOUND IN THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE LEVEL.



FIG. 5. ONE OF THE HOUSES OF THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE CITY WHICH AN EGYPTIAN PHARAOH DESTROYED. IT CONTAINED MANY INFANT BURIALS IN LARGE JARS AND PERHAPS SUFFERED FROM A PLAGUE.

Continued.]

The whole area was obviously a holy place—a further proof for this assumption is the basalt sculpture of a seated figure (Fig. 14), found in one of the rooms; the temple proper was situated perhaps south of the altar, while its store-rooms and the living-quarters of its staff lay to the north and south of it. A very interesting feature of this area is the intricate complex of underground channels, sometimes a metre in height, all built up from stones, the roofs of which are covered with huge slabs (Figs. 18 and 19). These canals, running west-east and south-north, belong to an earlier period (III—the last phase of the Middle Bronze). The builders of the altar in stratum II (fourteenth century B.C.) re-used them by joining a much smaller system of channels (which emanated from below the altar) to them. This earlier system of underground channels belonged to a big

[Continued overleaf.]



FIG. 3. A COMPLETE (AND STILL WORKABLE) POTTER'S WHEEL OF TWO PIECES OF BASALT—IN AREA C, AT THE LEVEL OF THE CITY WHICH JOSHUA DESTROYED. IN THE FOREGROUND, ONE OF THE POTTER'S LAST PRODUCTS, A CULT MASK OF BAKED CLAY (SEE FIG. 6).



FIG. 6. A CULT MASK OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. NOTE THE HOLES TO ENABLE IT TO BE FASTENED TO THE FACE.

AN EGYPTIAN IVORY; AND A CANAANITE CULT STANDARD: FROM HAZOR.



FIG. 7. ONE OF THE CHIEF FINDS IN AREA C: THE CULT STANDARD, AS IT WAS DISCOVERED SHELTER BENEATH SEVERAL POTS IN THE POTTER'S STORE OF JOSHUA'S TIME.



FIG. 8. THE GREATEST PRIZE OF THE SEASON'S EXCAVATIONS: A CANAANITE CULT STANDARD. IT IS MADE OF BRONZE WITH A TANG TO FASTEN IT TO A POLE. THE RELIEFS, WHICH ARE PLATED WITH SILVER, SHOW THE GODDESS'S HEAD, WITH SNAKES, AND (ABOVE) A CRESCENT AND A STYLISED SNAKE.

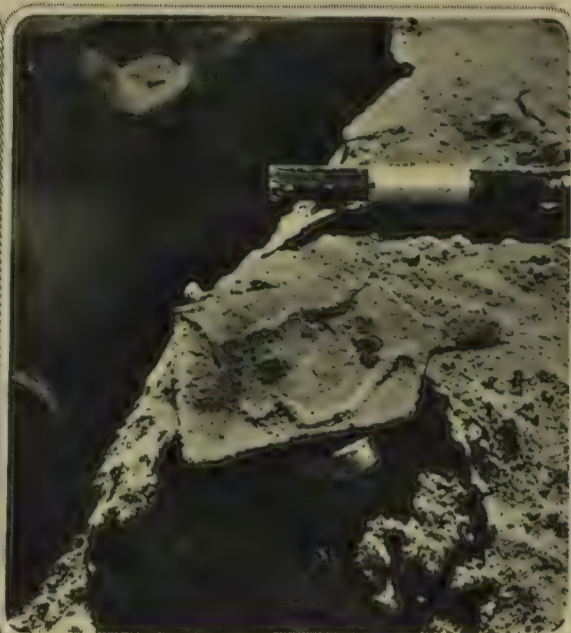


FIG. 9. THE SAME SCENE AS FIG. 7, BUT AFTER THE PROTECTING POTTERY HAD BEEN REMOVED AND THE BRONZE CULT STANDARD REVEALED.

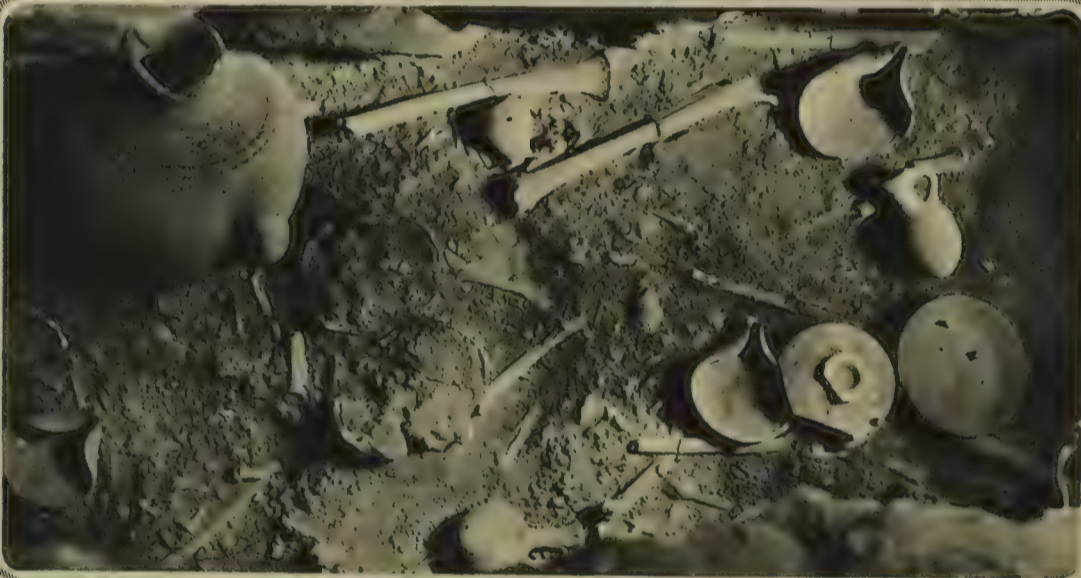


FIG. 10. A WELL-FURNISHED TOMB OF THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY B.C. IN AN ALREADY-DISUSED CHANNEL IN AREA F. HERE WAS FOUND THE IVORY STOPPER OF FIG. 11.



FIG. 11. AN IVORY STOPPER IN THE SHAPE OF THE HEAD OF THE EGYPTIAN GODDESS HATHOR. THE HEAD IS PIERCED VERTICALLY AND THE CONTENTS OF THE BOTTLE COULD BE POURED INTO THE SUN-DISK SPOON.



FIG. 12. A RECONSTRUCTED STORAGE JAR, FOUND IN THE STOREROOMS NEAR THE HUGE STONE CANAANITE ALTAR OF AREA F.



FIG. 13. A PLEASANT MYCENÆAN "FALSE NECK" JUGLET OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY FOUND IN ROOMS ADJOINING THE CANAANITE ALTAR.

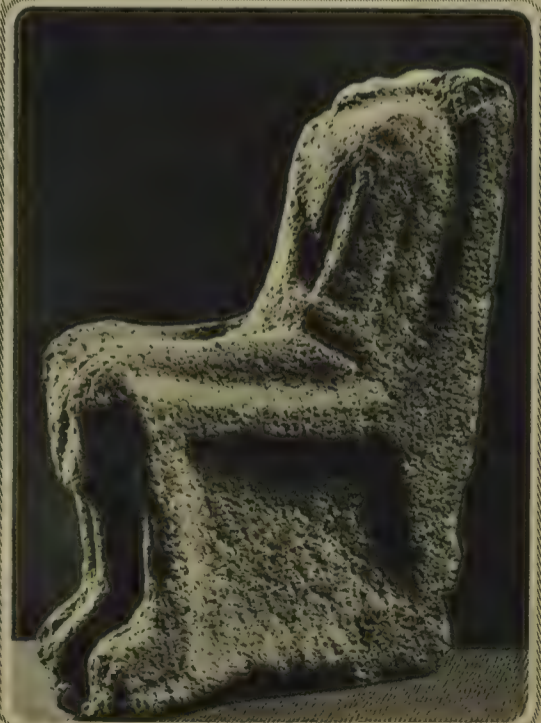


FIG. 14. FROM THE HOLY PLACE OF AREA F: A BASALT SCULPTURE OF A SEATED MALE FIGURE, OF WHICH THE HEAD IS LOST.

Continued.]

complex of building—its walls about 2 metres (6 ft. 7 ins.) in thickness—which was largely destroyed, and not enough of it remains for restoring its plan or ascertaining its exact function, although it must have been part of a fortified *temenos* (a holy enclosure). As is usual in excavations, we had to face the greatest surprise in the last fortnight of excavation, when we struck an opening in the rock, about 5 metres (16 ft. 5 ins.) below the foundation of stratum III. The opening, which was closed with huge boulders, turned to be a beginning of a large tunnel hewn out of the rock, about 12 metres (39 ft. 4 ins.) long and 2 metres (6 ft. 7 ins.) high. When we moved into it we had the feeling it had been hewn just yesterday—so well was it preserved. But alas, when we reached its end we could not proceed

[Continued opposite.]

THE HUGE ALTAR OF HAZOR; AND THE ENIGMATIC UNDERGROUND TUNNELS.



FIG. 15. THE HUGE STONE CANAANITE ALTAR OF AREA F.—A SINGLE BLOCK WEIGHING ABOUT FIVE TONS. THERE HAD BEEN AN ATTEMPT TO REMOVE IT IN ANTIQUITY.

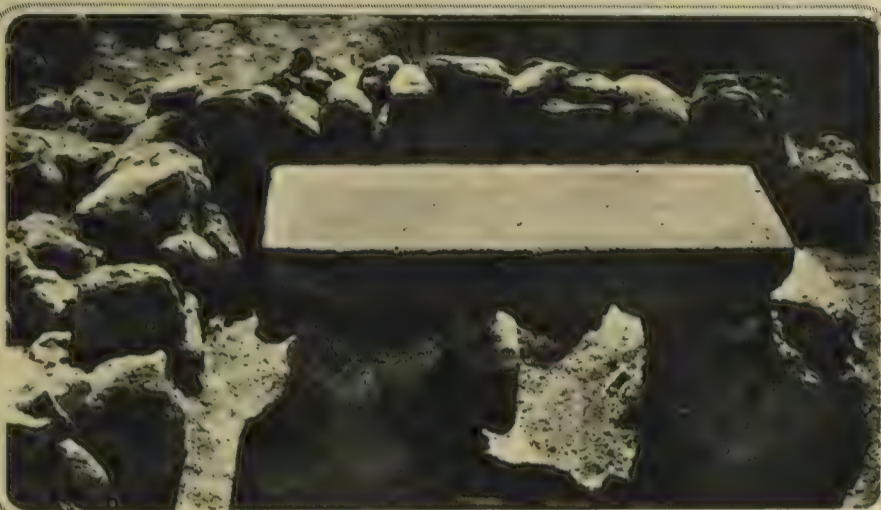


FIG. 16. A BASALT SLAB, PRESUMABLY DESIGNED AS AN OFFERING TABLE AND FOUND IN ONE OF THE ROOMS ADJOINING THE CANAANITE ALTAR.



FIG. 17. EARLY IN THE EXCAVATION: THE HUGE CANAANITE ALTAR, WHICH HAD PROJECTED ABOVE THE SURFACE, REVEALED; AND A WATER CHANNEL LEADING FROM IT.



FIG. 18. THE WHOLE OF AREA F WAS CRISS-CROSSED WITH UNDERGROUND WATER CHANNELS OF MASSIVE STONE CONSTRUCTION.



FIG. 19. ONE OF THE LARGE UNDERGROUND WATER CHANNELS OF THE MIDDLE BRONZE AGE LAYER OF AREA F. THIS SYSTEM WAS LATER EXTENDED BY A SYSTEM OF SMALLER CHANNELS.

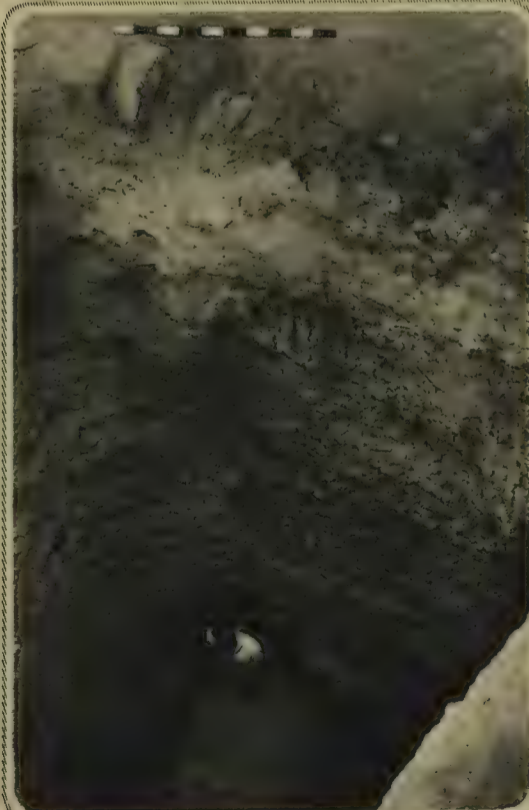


FIG. 20. THE VERTICAL SHAFT (26½ FT. DEEP) WHICH WAS SUNK INTO THE ROCK-HEWN TUNNELS UNDER AREA F.

Continued.] because the debris of the fallen ceiling of the chamber, to which the tunnel led, blocked the outlet completely. It was too dangerous to proceed, but the temptation was too strong. We decided to enter the room by digging a vertical shaft (Figs. 20 and 22), from the outside. At a depth of 8 metres (26 ft. 3 ins.) we reached the room. Unfortunately, when the season came to its end we only succeeded in clearing about 6 metres through the length of the room and there was still no end to it. In the meantime, another tunnel with many offshoots, about

[Continued opposite.]



FIG. 21. A FINE BRONZE LUGGED AXE OF THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY B.C. FOUND WITH THE MYCENÆAN JUGLET OF FIG. 13.

Continued.] 30 (!) metres (98 ft. 5 ins.) long, was discovered in the very vicinity, but again it was too dangerous to clear it in a hurry. What was the purpose of these tunnels? Were they part of an intricate and hidden necropolis of V.I.P.s? The reader will have to join us and wait with patience until next year's dig reveals the secrets of these mysterious and interesting tunnels. The second season of the excavations sheds much light on Biblical Hazor, but there are still numerous problems to be solved. We hope that the next season will solve many of them.



FIG. 22. DIGGING A WAY INTO THE CHAMBER TO WHICH THE TUNNEL OF FIG. 20 LED. THIS DANGEROUS WORK IS STILL INCOMPLETE.

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

LOWBROW DELIGHTS: THE RED CARDINAL SCHOOL.



I WRITE about a little group of painters whose names, as far as my reading goes, never appear in print except in auction catalogues and dictionaries of painting, whose works are not to be seen in any house or collection I have visited, yet are familiar enough to anyone who takes a stroll up and down Bond Street, who command extraordinarily high prices in the sale-room, and who—in my opinion—reached depths of banality and vulgar facetiousness unsurpassed at any period in the world's history. Why these pictures should be so popular, what peculiar magic emanates from their oleaginous surface, what charm people can find in all this meticulous frippery, I leave others to elucidate. I merely record the fact that, whoever wishes to own any one of them has to write a cheque for several hundreds of pounds not francs—and, in certain cases, has to think in four figures. Let us, then, pretending that what is expensive is also by definition good, raise our hats and take a look at one or two of them as if they were real painters, as, indeed, they might have been had they not been so incorrigibly trivial-minded.

One must admit, though, that they were fastidious and honest craftsmen—I don't think anyone can deny them that virtue—taking extraordinary pains over minutiae and as accurate in detail as an engineering draughtsman. Their ideal as handlers of brushes dipped in paint would appear to be Meissonier, and they all succeeded in producing a similar sort of exact coloured photograph without depth or subtleties of tone, and all four were darlings of the Paris Salon. One of them, A. A. Lesrel, born in 1839, was a pupil of Meissonier, whose careful finish he can be said to have inherited. His admirers insist that he was in every way original in composition, colour and technique. Georges Croegaert, the next on the list, came from Antwerp—born 1848, died in Paris about 1920—and soon became famous for his groups of eupptic red-faced, red-robed cardinals in rich sumptuous interiors, the latter painted with extraordinary accuracy. A. Landini was born in 1877; he was said to be still living in Paris in 1950. He learnt his trade in Naples but later moved to Paris, where he became friendly with Croegaert. "It was the beauty and clarity of Croegaert's works," says my informant, "that decided Landini to follow his mentor instead of breaking away into the modern school." I very much doubt whether Landini was capable of "breaking away" into anything whatever—I see no spark of originality in him or in any of the others.

They were surely not artists at all, but decent highly-skilled commercial types who exploited a kind of ready-made bazaar public among whom Red Cardinals, leering at one another, found a ready sale. Who shall blame them? They did what they could according to their capacity—and, now I think of it, if one or two real artists had been able to submit to the severe discipline these four obviously suffered before they acquired their very special skill, we should have been spared some slipshod work. The fourth of this remarkable gallery of talent, and it is genuine talent, though of so low a grade, is François Brunery, who was born at Turin, acquired his skill in Paris under Gerome and Bonnat—great fellows in their day—

and died early in the 1930's. To quote again from my informant—"it is from this great artist (Bonnat) that Brunery has captured that feeling of life and flesh tints of the faces of his subjects." We are warned that Brunery's pictures "must not be confused with the works of his son, Marcel. The latter, whilst painting a similar subject, does not capture the delicate technique and fine quality of his father, his canvases remain stiff and static whilst those of François have the softness of a great artist." This, translated into plain English,

prices people cheerfully pay for them. There is one by François Brunery which I believe was originally commissioned by a champagne firm for use as an advertisement. "The Toast to the Chef," wherein the smiling chef is summoned to the luxurious dining-room by the assembled ruddy-faced ecclesiastics who all hold out their champagne-filled glasses and offer their congratulations. It is a slick piece of commercial art, if ever there was one, and it was sold for 1350 guineas at Christie's in 1950. Presumably somebody somewhere was prepared to live with it and is still enjoying it; and many must be anxious to acquire similar confections, for when a dozen or so of the school appeared at Christie's early in November, typical prices were 870 guineas and 500 guineas for Landini, 460 guineas and 700 guineas for Lesrel, and 370 guineas and 550 guineas for Brunery. When I ask where they eventually find a home, I'm told that most come from the Midlands and return there because many Midlanders like nice, shiny slap-up paintings in very bright gilt frames, have plenty of money, and have been brought up to identify all cardinals with the Borgias.

I'm in no position to comment on this drastic theory, but I can well understand that, when they first began to appear in Paris way back in the nineteenth century, their not specially ill-humoured but very laboured satire made an instant appeal to anti-clericals in France and, in due course, to unsophisticated Protestants in England. There was nothing particularly offensive about them, their colours were gay in the manner of a Neapolitan ice, it was almost an article of faith that the hierarchy did itself uncommonly well at table, and it was comforting to be assured by these paintings of Princes of the Church that they shared your own liking for good wine and good food. At the same time, there was the insistent suggestion of scandal, the extreme elegance of these painted and gilded panelled rooms, the ostentatious display of bottles and glasses, the confidential whispers, the sly worldly faces, the assumption that whatever the story it is sure to be delicately improper, and that "The Scarlet Woman" in person

is probably occupying a charming little suite along the corridor. What could be more thrilling, more romantic, more glossy? And what a neat, what a clever formula for picture-making: a ready-made subject, a ready-made public and no damned nonsense about art.

And why do I go to all this trouble to be impolite about wedding-cake art? Because it is obvious that large sections of people mistake it for real art and are happy to spend large sums of money upon it. And those who deplore its popularity could perhaps remember that, if you are to take an interest in painting at all, you have to begin somewhere, and that if you have anything in you, you will in due course tire of rubbish. If you don't, it means you are a hopeless case—as hopeless as that of young Butts, whose magnificent portrait by Holbein is in the Museum of Boston, Mass. I've told the story before on this page—but many years ago. There was the Holbein, and young Butts in due course became old Butts. He wanted his portrait done again and called

in some dauber or other, who painted the picture over the Holbein, obviously with the sitter's approval. That was nearly 400 years ago, and there are plenty of Buttses about to-day who cannot detect any difference between a vintage burgundy and red ink. I offer the pictures of the cardinals as curious sidelights upon social history.



"CONFIDENCES," BY GEORGES CROEGAERT, WHO WAS ONE OF THE "RED CARDINAL SCHOOL" ARTISTS DISCUSSED BY FRANK DAVIS IN HIS ARTICLE. THIS IS ONE OF SEVERAL WORKS BY MEMBERS OF THIS GROUP WHICH WERE RECENTLY SOLD AT CHRISTIE'S. (Oil on panel; 23 by 19 ins.) (Messrs. Christie's.)



"THE INTERESTING THING ABOUT THEM IS THEIR IMMENSE POPULARITY." ANOTHER "RED CARDINAL" PAINTING BY ONE OF THE LEADERS OF THE GROUP: A. LANDINI'S "LA SALLE DU TRÔNE À FONTAINEBLEAU—LA BONNE HISTOIRE." (Oil on canvas; 28 by 36 ins.) (Messrs. Christie's.)

means that some confectioners lay on the sugar thicker than others. But there's no point in using the language of serious criticism about these genuine hand-painted canvases in glorious Technicolor.

The interesting thing about them is their immense popularity and the—to me—astonishing

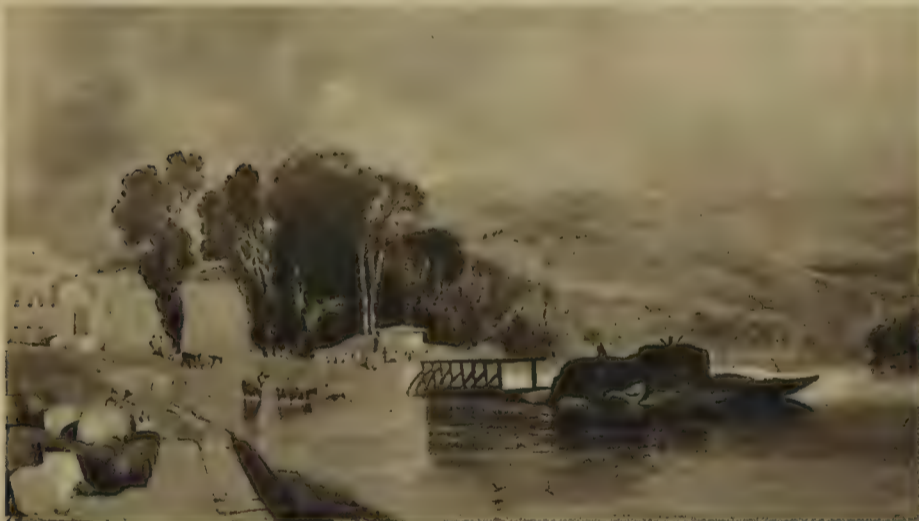
19TH-CENTURY BRITISH WATER-COLOURS: A LOAN EXHIBITION AT NORWICH.



"THE LONELY TOWER," BY SAMUEL PALMER (1805-1881): IN THE LOAN EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOURS BY BRITISH LANDSCAPE PAINTERS AT NORWICH CASTLE MUSEUM. SIGNED: S. PALMER. (Water-colour; 6½ by 9½ ins.) (Gilbert Davis, Esq.)

ONE of the outstanding contributions made by British artists to European art in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries was in the sphere of water-colour painting. The loan exhibition of "Water-Colours by British Landscape Painters—c. 1820 to c. 1870," which is to be seen at the Castle Museum, Norwich, until December 30, is a continuation of their exhibition held in January and February 1955, and provides the opportunity of seeing some very fine works by a number of the leading artists responsible for this important contribution. The earlier exhibition showed the work of the Norwich-born Cotman in relation to that of his predecessors and contemporaries, while the present exhibition, to which many private collectors and public collections have again given generous support, continues the story through the middle of the nineteenth century "to give some idea of the innovations and

[Continued below, right.]

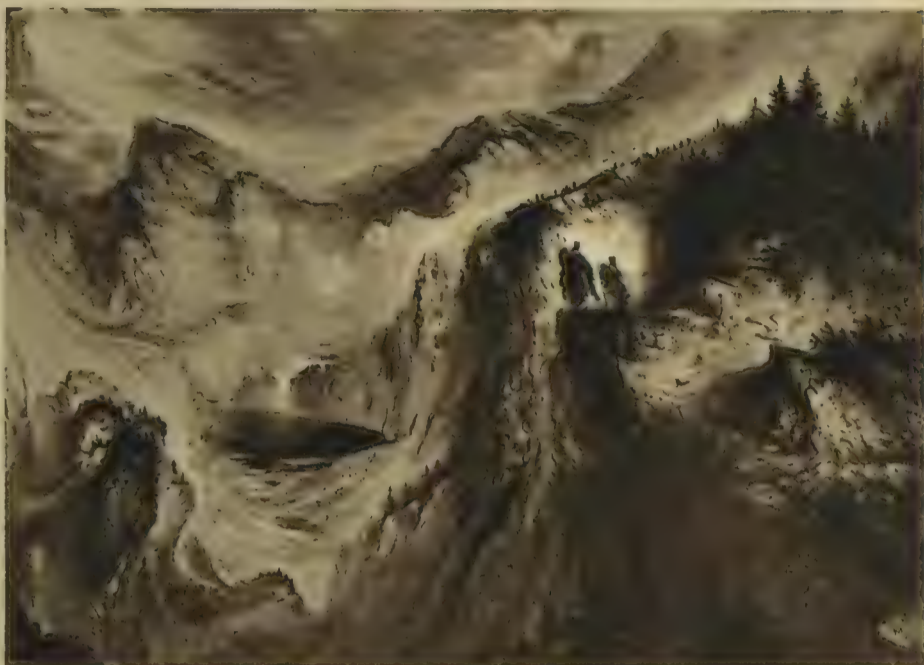


"MOUNT ST. CATHERINE, ROUEN"; ONE OF A NUMBER OF FINE WATER-COLOURS BY JOHN SELL COTMAN, WHO WAS BORN AT NORWICH IN 1782 AND DIED IN LONDON IN 1842. (Water-colour; 12½ by 20½ ins.) (The Rt. Hon. Lord Mackintosh of Halifax.)



"ST. CATHERINE'S CONVENT, MOUNT SINAI," BY DAVID ROBERTS, R.A. (1796-1864), WHO WORKED AS A SCENE-PAINTER AT DRURY LANE AND COVENT GARDEN. HE TRAVELLED IN THE MIDDLE EAST IN 1838 AND 1839. (Water-colour; 9½ by 13½ ins.) (City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham.)

[Continued.] secretary of the Norwich Society of Artists. In 1812 he was persuaded to move to Great Yarmouth by the antiquary and collector, Dawson Turner. Between 1817 and 1820 he made several tours in Normandy to prepare illustrations for Dawson Turner's "Architectural Antiquities of Normandy." Three of the Normandy water-colours are included in this exhibition. From



"MANFRED ON THE JUNGFRAU," BY JOHN MARTIN (1789-1854), WHO WENT TO LONDON WITH THE ITALIAN ARTIST, BONIFACIO MUSSO, UNDER WHOM HE HAD WORKED AT NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE. (Water-colour; 15 by 21½ ins.) (The City Museum and Art Gallery, Birmingham.)



"UPNOR CASTLE," BY J. M. W. TURNER (1775-1851). A WORK OF ABOUT 1831. (Water-colour; 11½ by 17½ ins.) (The Whitworth Art Gallery, Manchester.)

[Continued.]

developments that were accomplished in the following fifty years." The later work of John Sell Cotman, who died in 1842, is represented by a group of eleven water-colours. Cotman, now regarded as one of the outstanding water-colour artists of the British School, was dogged throughout his life by lack of recognition and by financial hardship. He left Norwich for London at the age of sixteen or seventeen and was one of the many artists patronised by Dr. Monro. Cotman joined a sketching club of which Girtin had been a founder member, and he also went on sketching tours in Wales and Yorkshire, where he did some of his very finest work. But his water-colours, probably because of their originality, did not sell, and Cotman returned to Norwich in 1806. He continued to work profusely and became a member and then

[Continued below, left.]



"LEBANON," A MAGNIFICENT DRAWING OF 1858 BY EDWARD LEAR (1812-1888). BEST KNOWN FOR HIS "BOOK OF NONSENSE," LEAR WAS ALSO AN OUTSTANDING LANDSCAPE ARTIST. HE GAVE DRAWING LESSONS TO QUEEN VICTORIA IN 1846. (Pen and water-colour; 14 by 21½ ins.) (Miss S. J. Bailey.)

1823-34 Cotman again settled in Norwich, and for several years he continued to produce water-colours from the sketches he had made in Normandy. In 1834 Cotman was appointed Professor of Drawing at King's College, London, and he held this position until his death in 1842. Seventeen other artists are represented in this exhibition, notably Bonington, de Wint and Turner.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



THE REMARKABLE GLUTTON.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

THE wolverine (or wolverene) is the largest of the weasel-family (*Mustelidae*). It has been aptly referred to by one writer as the super-weasel; yet its appearance is not that of the weasel, marten or stoat. Thick-bodied and short-legged, about 4 ft. long including a 1-ft.-long tail, it has a shaggy coat of thick loose fur, very dark brown above, with a pale brown band on the sides, and dark brown below. The weight of a wolverine is up to 36 lb., and reported weights of up to 100 lb. can fairly certainly be discredited. Bear-like or badger-like, according to taste, its legs set widely apart and ending in broad powerful paws, armed with long sharp claws, the wolverine fears little, will attack large game, such as deer, will drive coyote, wolf or bear from their kill, and will eat almost anything, flesh or fowl, and sometimes vegetable. Its alternative name, the glutton, seems not to be fully justified, even so, nor do many of the other things said about it.

The range of the wolverine includes the Arctic and sub-Arctic regions of Europe, and North America from the northern U.S.A. to the Arctic. Its habitat is typically the cold evergreen forest, especially at 800 ft. or more above sea-level, even to a height of 13,000 ft. Solitary, except during the breeding season, the wolverine is credited with great cunning in robbing traps and hunters' caches in the Far North.

One of the scientific wonders of the world, for which no explanation is yet forthcoming, is the human capacity for exaggerating until the basic fact is obscured by the romantic decorations. The wolverine is a remarkable animal, anyway, but this was not enough. Take, for example, an old belief about it which persisted in the sober literature until about a century ago, and may flourish even to-day in remote corners. It concerned the wolverine's stratagem for catching deer, or other large prey. The animal was said to climb into a tree carrying in its mouth a quantity of moss. When a deer approached, the super-weasel would let the moss fall. Should the deer stop to eat it, the wolverine would drop on to the deer's back, fix itself firmly between the antlers and tear out its victim's eyes. Following this, either from the pain or to rid itself of its tormentor, the deer would bang its head against a tree until it fell dead.

As if this were not enough, the story continued that once its victim was dead, the glutton would divide the carcass into convenient portions, caching each piece in turn for future consumption.

Another old story was that wolverines "carry their voracity to such a degree" that if one of them "seizes a carcass, even bigger than himself, he will not desist from eating so long as there is a mouthful left"—apparently quite regardless of any attention to the size of the stomach in relation to the animal's body.

As alleged proof of their amazing strength we have the account from Churchill, on Hudson Bay, in the eighteenth century, of some provisions hidden by several of the Company's servants in the top of a wood-pile. On their return from Christmas festivities, the wood-pile, upwards of seventy yards round, had been thrown down and scattered about. And this, "notwithstanding some of the trees with which it was constructed were as much as two men could carry." The large quantity of provisions had been consumed, or carried away, except for the sacks of flour and cereals, which had been ripped to shreds.

An outstanding feature of the wolverine's behaviour is robbing the traps of the fur-trapper. It has been said to take every marten and fox caught in the traps, and, when satiated, exude its

Twenty-five pounds of flour had been scattered; fifteen pounds of small raw beans had been eaten, but not digested; unopened cans of fruit and vegetables had been carried away and dropped at the foot of trees, in holes in the snow; knives, forks and spoons, cooking pots and dishes, even the lids of stoves were scattered over an area of several acres. There is a seeming thoroughness in all the glutton does.

The diet is a wide one. Snails are taken after turning over logs beneath which they are sheltering. Mice, rats, small mammals of many kinds, eggs, ground-nesting birds and ducks are all included. Above all, carrion, and especially the kills of other carnivores, is eaten. The wolverine can command no great turn of speed and, unlike the smaller members of its family, has little skill in stalking. To a degree, therefore, survival depends upon unusual courage, to drive other predators from their food.

A wolverine has been seen to drive two bears from a carcass, or two or three coyotes or wolves, but the issue seems to be decided more by bluster than by battle. The wolverine bares its teeth, raises the hair on its back, erects its bushy tail and emits a low growl. Even so, when put to the test by actual combat the result has not been different.

Primarily a carrion-feeder, there is something of the hyena's qualities in a wolverine, especially in the strength of the teeth and jaws. It has been seen to crack a large bone "to powder," to snap with ease branches up to 2 ins. diameter, to take a lump out of a rifle butt. Its attitude to human beings is something

else which seems also to have been exaggerated. The more reliable accounts suggest not so much aggressiveness towards man as indifference. Naturally, when they have young, and are disturbed, there is a different story to tell. Yet wolverines tend to leave areas settled by human communities.

The truth about the traps seems to be that some of them may be robbed, and there may have been occasions when a whole line of traps was cleared, but, as a rule, the depredations are not as wholesale as most accounts suggest. As for the skill in avoiding traps, this seems to be explained by the small size of the traps used. Wolverines are usually caught by the toes in marten traps, and often escape leaving a toe or two behind. There seems to be no evidence that they can avoid, or escape, the larger traps set deliberately for them.

We may, perhaps, end on a piece of poetic justice, the story of a glutton which killed and ate a family of porcupines. It was later found dead, having eaten flesh, bones, skin, hair, quills and all. Quills had lodged in and penetrated the throat, the windpipe, the mouth and the intestines, while the inner walls of the stomach bristled with quills.



RENOWNED FOR MORE REMARKABLE ATTRIBUTES THAN ITS APPETITE: THE WOLVERINE OR GLUTTON. A SCAVENGER IN THE COLD FORESTS OF THE NORTHERN HEMISPHERE, THIS BEAR-LIKE SUPER-WEASEL IS SO UNDISCRIMINATING THAT IT WILL TAKE ANY FOOD IT CAN GET, EVEN WHEN IT ENTAILS DRIVING OR BLUFFING WOLVES OR BEARS FROM THEIR KILLS.

musk on the remaining carcasses, to prevent any other beast taking them. Coupled with this, was an allegedly high skill not only in avoiding traps but in actually springing. To round off the job, the wolverine would then visit the trapper's cabin, wreck it, consume or scatter his provisions, and tear his stock of pelts to ribbons. Even in recent years it has been described how the parent wolverines would teach their young the method of springing traps. One of the parents would spring a trap, then stand aside while a youngster followed its example on the next trap, the parent coming to its aid when necessary to show it how to do it.

Although these stories are somewhat beyond acceptance, the majority are based upon habits attested by more careful observers. Wolverines have been known to tear the timbers from a cabin in order to effect an entry for shelter. They do not burrow, apparently, or make any permanent home, but use whatever shelter is available in the particular locality they are hunting. Where they use man-made shelters in this way, it seems they also wreck the contents, consuming what they need and carrying other articles away. Grinnell, Dixon and Linsdale in "The Fur-bearing Mammals of California" describe such an incident.

A NEW STAGE IN "COMET" HISTORY: EARLY PHASES OF THE "COMET 4".



AT CHESTER: HERE THE CONVERSION OF *COMET 1A* AND *COMET 2* AIRCRAFT IS A VALUABLE PREPARATION FOR WORK ON THE MUCH BIGGER COMETS.



FOLLOWING THE RECENT INQUIRY: THE SKIN OF THE FUSELAGE OF A *COMET 1A* BEING THICKENED IN CERTAIN AREAS.

In various British factories of the De Havilland Aircraft Company work has now started on the early phase of the production of the *Comet 4* and *4A* airliners for B.O.A.C. and for Capital Airlines of the United States. Although no deliveries are scheduled before 1958, detail fabrication is going ahead on hundreds of components for the new *Comets*. Assembly halls have been replanned and meanwhile the conversion of *Comet 1A* and *Comet 2* aircraft is preparing men and machine tools for the forthcoming major production



A NEW PROCESS: THE MILLING OF SPAR WEBS FOR *COMET 4* AND *4A* AIRCRAFT WITH AUTOMATIC TOOL CONTROL.



AT PORTSMOUTH: THE KEEL OF A *COMET 4* FUSELAGE BEING ASSEMBLED BY AIRCRAFT WORKERS ON A SPECIAL JIG.

tasks on the much bigger *Comets*; work which will embody remarkable new manufacturing techniques. The *Comet 4* is half as big again as the *Comet 1* and has more than double its power. It is available in two versions, the *Comet 4* for route stages up to three thousand statute miles carrying about sixty first-class or seventy-six tourist-class passengers, and the *Comet 4A* for short-stage and medium-stage operations up to about two thousand statute miles with about seventy-four passengers.

AVIATION NEWS—BRITISH AND AMERICAN.



THE LATEST VERSION OF THE ENGLISH ELECTRIC *CANBERRA*: THE B.8 NIGHT INTERDICTOR, WHICH CARRIES, AS WELL AS BOMBS, FOUR 20-MM. GUNS.



TOUCHING-DOWN IN MARYLAND AFTER BEING IN THE AIR FOR 31 HOURS, AND 16,000 MILES IN A CONTINUOUS ROUND TRIP: A U.S. B.52.



SEEN AT LE BOURGET AIRPORT, PARIS: A BRISTOL *BRITANNIA* AIRLINER: THE 301 TYPE OF THIS AIRCRAFT HAS BEEN UNDERGOING TROPICAL TRIALS.

THE *Canberra*, which is one of the most versatile of medium bombers, is now in R.A.F. service with the Second Allied Tactical Air Force in Germany. This version, the B.8, is a long-range night intruder and high-altitude bomber. It first flew in July 1954.—The Boeing B.52 *Stratofortress* which we show had just concluded a dramatic demonstration flight, starting in California, circling the United States and Canada and passing over the North Pole and Greenland to make a continuous trip of 31 hours and about 16,000 miles, refuelling in the air en route. This aircraft is known as an "H-bomber," as it is capable of carrying a hydrogen bomb.—The Bristol *Britannia* airliner has been recently engaged on tropical tests in South Africa, in order to overcome the icing troubles which have delayed its introduction into commercial flying, and to test any necessary modifications.

SPINA DISCOVERED—FROM THE AIR.

AS reported in our issue of December 4, 1954, archaeological excavations have developed as a by-product of land reclamation near Lake Comacchio, near the delta of the River Po; and innumerable tombs of the necropolis of the Etruscan-Greek city of Spina (fifth-fourth century B.C.) have been discovered. Since these tombs were lying waterlogged in mud, it was often possible to "excavate" with a jet of water; and as a result much beautiful and remarkable pottery has been discovered in perfect condition. More recently Professor Valvassori, of Ferrara, has been using aerial photography combined with ground survey to map out the ancient city, which appears to have been built on piles like Venice in marshy country. The town as discovered at present covers about 850 acres and seems to have been built along a canal.



FROM THE ETRUSCAN-GREEK CITY OF SPINA, NEAR LAKE COMACCHIO: SOME OF THE RECENTLY-FOUND FANCIFUL PERFUME BOTTLES IN ANIMAL SHAPES.



AN AERIAL PHOTOGRAPH WHICH REVEALS THROUGH THE MUD THE PLAN OF THE ETRUSCAN CITY OF SPINA, DATING FROM ABOUT THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



SOME OF THE VAST QUANTITY OF POTTERY WHICH HAS BEEN DISCOVERED, MUCH OF IT IN PERFECT CONDITION, ON THE WATERLOGGED SITE OF SPINA.

FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.



SUNDAY IN BRUSSELS DURING THE OIL SHORTAGE: THE BOULEVARD ANSPACH PRESENTS A STRANGE SPECTACLE WITH ONLY TRAMCARS TO BE SEEN. Under a new regulation for reducing petrol consumption during the oil shortage, the Belgian Government has prohibited private motoring on Sundays. It was announced on November 29 that the Brussels Motor Show had been cancelled.



THE FIRST GERMAN WARSHIPS TO VISIT PORTSMOUTH SINCE BEFORE THE WAR: TWO GERMAN CORVETTES, *EIDER* (NEARER CAMERA) AND *TRAVE*. The German corvettes *Eider* and *Trave* (480 tons) arrived at Portsmouth on November 30 for a week-end visit. The ships are on a training cruise and are the first German warships to visit a British port since before the war. The ships were built in Canada as trawlers.



IN DELHI: THE DALAI LAMA, THE SPIRITUAL RULER OF TIBET (CENTRE LEFT, WEARING GLASSES), LAYING A WREATH ON THE GANDHI SHRINE.



ASBESTOS TUBES: A MEMORIAL ERECTED OUTSIDE VIENNA'S TECHNICAL MUSEUM TO MARK THE 100TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF THE INVENTOR, LUDWIG HATSCHKE.



AT THE INTERNATIONAL DOG SHOW IN PARIS: THE DUKE OF WINDSOR PARADING ONE OF HIS PRIZE-WINNING PUGS IN THE SHOW-RING.



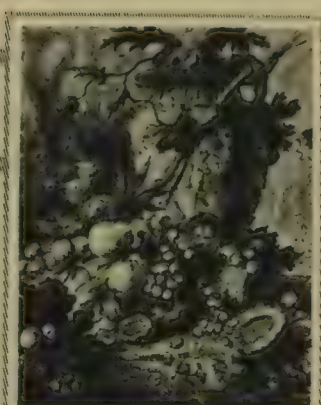
AT THE MILES QUADRUPLETS' 21st BIRTHDAY PARTY: BRITAIN'S FOUR SETS OF QUADRUPLETS AT THE CELEBRATIONS AT GROSVENOR HOUSE, LONDON. The Miles quadruplets, of St. Neots, celebrated their twenty-first birthday on November 28. This photograph shows: (back row) the Miles quadruplets; (2nd row) the Good quadruplets of Bristol, who are eight; (3rd row) the Coles quadruplets of Westminster, aged six; and (front row) the Taylor quadruplets of Edmonton, who are eight.



AT A RECEPTION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY: THE QUEEN WITH THE QUEEN MOTHER, THE MAYOR OF WESTMINSTER AND THE MAYORESS OF WESTMINSTER (RIGHT). On November 29 the Queen, with Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother, went to an evening reception given at the Royal Academy by the Mayor and Mayoress of Westminster, Councillor Patrick Stirling and Mrs. Stirling. The Royal guests toured a number of the galleries and took supper with the Mayor and Mayoress and some of the principal guests.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.



YEW POISONING.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT, V.M.H.

IN a recent article on this page I discussed the blameless hobby of pip-planting—the raising, that is, of trees and shrubs, including fruit trees, from seeds, stones and pips. As a somewhat extreme branch of pip-planting I suggested that even a yew hedge might be raised—in the fullness of time—from yew berries. This morning came a postcard from a young farmer, a female of the species, which I will quote in full, not only because it amused me more than somewhat, but because it raises a subject of some interest.

The young farmer writes: "You give me the pip! You might have mentioned when suggesting the planting of yews that they are poisonous to animals. When you wake up to the fact that you have a great 'store of vigorous baby yews,' and when you have planted out 'a comfortable surplus,' what do you do with the rest? And when you have done your final planting, what do you do with your 'comfortable surplus'? And, finally, when you get to the triumphant stage of clipping your yew hedge, what do you do with the clippings? Be sure they are burnt, and not left about on some rubbish heap (or even compost heap!) where a stray animal (however much of a nuisance she might be to you) might help herself. Wilted yew seems to be the most dangerous as it is more palatable. We know, as we lost a lovely pedigree heifer of yew poisoning a year or two ago."

The simplest answer to all of which is "so what?" I might, of course, have mentioned, in writing about yews and yew hedges, that in some cases and under certain conditions yew is poisonous to cattle. But one can not, in writing about garden matters, warn readers against all the potential dangers that may arise. In writing about growing beans, ought I to warn my readers of the danger of leaving bean seeds about in the potting shed where small children might get at them? I gather from friends in the medical profession that they are constantly being called in to deal with small brats who have indulged in the exotic recreation of stuffing beans up their nostrils. I learn, too, that it is a mistake to put ideas into children's heads by telling them never to stuff beans up their noses. If you do, they will almost inevitably try the experiment. I first came in contact with yew poisoning at the age of five, when Esther, our enormously stout and affectionate cook, gave me a very young kid—an enchanting pet. Within a week came the first great grief of my life. The kid, whose name was *Snipey*, died of yew poisoning.

As to not putting yew clippings on the compost heap, that seems to me to be rather panicky counsel, born of the loss of a lovely pedigree heifer. It should be a simple matter to arrange things so that lovely pedigree heifers can not trespass on the compost heap. Or an even simpler expedient would be to bury the yew clippings under other composting material, out of reach of L.P.H.s.

Some years ago I visited the gardens at Levens Hall, and was interested to learn that the whole of the clippings from the famous Levens yew topiary trees and yew hedges invariably went into the compost heaps. And I may add that everything in the kitchen garden seemed to be in uncommonly fine fettle.

The question of yew-poisoning among cattle is an interesting one, about which there is still a good deal of uncertainty. I remember visiting an estate in Surrey, and being surprised to see a large yew tree growing in a paddock in which

Jersey cows were grazing. The branches of the tree came down well within browsing level. I remarked on this to the farm bailiff, who told me that it was a female tree and therefore not poisonous. It is, of course, well known that yew trees are either male or female, that is, pollen-bearing or berry-bearing. In my own garden there are two big yew trees, both of which are males. Disappointing—for me, I mean. In spring

the branches carry immense quantities of the little male clusters of stamens, so that when the wind blows great golden clouds of pollen may be seen drifting away. But no berries are produced by these trees. The red cups which partially enclose the green nut-like yew seeds are slimy-sweet, and not unpleasant to children, but the seeds themselves are said to be poisonous. I have heard these berries called slop-gobbles by country children in Hertfordshire. As a child I ate great quantities of the slimy-sweet yew berries, not because I really liked them, but because it scared the wits out of nurses, governesses, visiting aunts and such like, who were convinced that they were deadly poisonous. So perhaps the fat green seeds were, though I was never enterprising enough to experiment with them to find out for certain.

Nobody seems to know for certain what are the exact conditions under which yew is poisonous to cattle. Examples of yew trees growing where cattle habitually graze without poisoning taking place, are not, I believe, uncommon. On the other hand, cases of yew-poisoning have been so frequent that there can be no doubt as to the deadly qualities of the tree under, at any rate, some conditions. Some hold that yew is only poisonous under certain states of the animals' stomachs. If that is so, it is not much help to the farmer. He can not test the state of his L.P.H.'s stomach every

time she shows a desire to raid the rubbish heap or the compost bin. It was Bean's opinion that yew was only virulent when the stomach was empty—perhaps only then. There is also the school of thought which holds that semi-dried and wilted twigs of foliage are more dangerous than green fresh ones. But that, I think, can not be the whole story, for those Jersey cows on the Surrey farm must surely have picked up twigs and foliage from the tree in their paddock, which from one cause or another had become semi-dried or wilted. And surely, too, those cows must have had occasional opportunities for eating from their tree on empty stomachs, in spite of having every appearance of being cultivated (does one "cultivate" cows or is that only a garden term?)—as I was saying, cultivated and fed up to the nines. It really looks as though perhaps there is more in the theory of male yew trees only being poisonous. But, as it is, we seem to be in a sad state of uncertainty on this question, a state of rather unscientific guesswork. Perhaps some day some wealthy and scientific agriculturalist will tackle the problem, by getting together a whole herd of L.P.H.s and carrying out a series of experiments, with proper scientific controls, of course, feeding some batches of the poor creatures on male yew and others on female yew, some on empty stomachs, others full, and, of course, some yew fresh and some wilted. And, of course, every permutation and combination of these factors would be tried. Then perhaps we would get to know the truth as to the conditions which make yew poisonous to horses, cattle, and pet kids. Alas! poor *Snipey*—and, alas, the L.P.H., too, for that matter.

If by chance you should raise a surplus of young yews, you will, if you are a true gardener, be delighted to have such very acceptable things to give away to gardening friends. Meanwhile, I am sorry to learn that I have given "the pip"—whatever that is—to my bucolic young correspondent. It sounds a most distressing complaint.



MALE AND FEMALE YEW IN FLOWER. (LEFT) THE FEMALE OR BERRY-PRODUCING FLOWERS; (RIGHT) THE MALE OR POLLEN-PRODUCING.



THE FEMALE YEW IN FRUIT, WITH THE GREEN NUT-LIKE SEEDS LYING IN THE RED, SLIMY-SWEET CUPS.

Photographs by A. Harold Bastin.

FOR CHRISTMAS AND THE NEW YEAR.

A GIFT that gives pleasure throughout the year is surely the ideal choice for this Christmas and New Year. Fifty-two copies of *The Illustrated London News*, together with the magnificent Christmas Number, will make 1957 a year full of interest for friends and relations at home and overseas.

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PERSONALITIES AND EVENTS OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



**PRESIDENT OF IMPERIAL TOBACCO:
THE LATE LORD DULVERTON.**

Lord Dulverton, who died on Dec. 1, aged seventy-six, was chairman of the Imperial Tobacco Company from 1924 to 1947, when he became president. As Sir Gilbert Wills, 1912-18, and for Weston-super-Mare, 1918-22. He was largely concerned with the formation of the Tobacco Trade Association in 1931.



NEW MALTA G.O.C.: MAJOR-GENERAL C. H. COLQUHOUN.

Major-General C. H. Colquhoun, G.O.C. 50th (Northumbrian) Infantry Division (T.A.), and Northumbrian District since 1953, has been appointed General Officer Commanding Troops, Malta, taking over from Major-General B. Daunt. General Colquhoun, who is fifty-three, was Commandant of the School of Artillery from 1951-53. Previously he had been C.R.A. in a number of Divisions.



A NOTED EGYPTOLOGIST: THE LATE LADY (FLINDERS) PETRIE.

Lady Petrie, who died on November 23, aged eighty-five, was the widow of Sir Flinders Petrie, the renowned archaeologist. She was herself a noted Egyptologist and for nearly fifty years she accompanied her husband on his expeditions, frequently publishing notes on his findings. After his death in 1942 she stayed in Palestine, returning to England in 1947 to edit his unpublished manuscripts.



**MASTER OF QUEEN MARY RETIRES:
CAPTAIN DONALD SORRELL.**

On November 29 Captain Donald Sorrell, aboard the liner *Queen Mary* at New York, was preparing for his last voyage as her master, a position he has held for three years. He is retiring because of the Cunard Company's age limit of sixty-three. During a New York tug-boat strike he berthed *Queen Mary* unaided by tugs.



CAPTAIN OF THIS YEAR'S CAMBRIDGE XV: A. JOHN HERBERT.



**CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD XV:
DAVID ONILWYN BRACE.**

The captains of the University XV's which this year meet at Twickenham on Dec. 11 are A. John Herbert, Cambridge (Marling School and St. Catharine's College), and David Onilwyn Brace, Oxford (a Welsh International (Gower-ton and University College).



RECEIVING THE FIRST DUFF COOPER MEMORIAL PRIZE FROM SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL FOR HIS BOOK "GALLIPOLI": MR. ALAN MOOREHEAD.

On November 28 Mr. Alan Moorehead was presented with the first Duff Cooper Memorial Prize, consisting of £200, by Sir Winston Churchill at No. 29, Hyde Park Gate. Sir Harold Nicolson, one of the committee making the award, said the book had been chosen because the first Lord Norwich would have liked it.



CAPTAIN OF THE CAMBRIDGE SOCCER XI: G. SCANLAN.



**CAPTAIN OF THE OXFORD XI:
J. B. WAKEFIELD.**

The captains of the University Soccer teams, which this year meet at Wembley on Dec. 8, are George Scanlan, Cambridge (Bootle Grammar School and Christ's College), and J. B. Wakefield, Oxford (Stretford Grammar School and St. Edmund Hall).



INVOLVED IN A CYPRUS INCIDENT: MRS. MIDDLETON, WITH HER TWO CHILDREN.

On November 28 Mrs. Middleton tried to seize one of the two youths who had just shot and wounded her husband, Staff Sgt.-Major Middleton at Limassol. Both assailants, aged fifteen and eighteen, were later caught. The condition of Staff Sgt.-Major Middleton was not critical. He was wounded in the shoulder.



A PLEA AT THE U.N. FOR WESTERN UNITY: MR. CASEY, AUSTRALIAN MINISTER FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS.

On November 26 Mr. Casey made a strong plea in the United Nations General Assembly, calling on America and Britain to "put first things first and get together in confident and mutual trust for the good of the whole democratic world." His speech was made two days after the United States, unlike other N.A.T.O. Powers, voted with the Communist block that British, French and Israel forces should withdraw from Egypt "forthwith."



REPRESENTING THE NAGY GOVERNMENT: MISS ANNA KETHLY.

Miss Anna Kethly, who was Foreign Minister in the Nagy Government of Hungary, and seen above on Nov. 24 shortly before she left the United States for Europe, said at Brussels on Nov. 29 she thought Mr. Nagy was then in Russia, and that Mr. Kadar, the present Hungarian leader, was not a free agent.

THE WORLD OF THE THEATRE.

LAUGHING ALOUD.

By J. C. TREWIN.

I HAVE not yet stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs, a palace and a prison on each hand; but, some day, Fate may permit me to stand there when Virginia Jones is making what her agent calls "just a routine jump." This is one of the big moments we missed in the musical comedy called "Grab Me a Gondola," at the Lyric, Hammersmith, a piece as briskly inconsequential as its name.

I do not say it will live in the literature of Venice, that one can ever spatchcock it into

this musical-comedy Venice, I remembered how, on the same stage a few years back, she had made me laugh aloud as her singer, trapped in the sedan-chair, endeavoured to be arch, elegant, and in period, to free herself and to sing her ballad, at the same time, without appearing self-conscious.

I said "laugh aloud." It is this sort of laughter I have been searching for lately. It comes less often than one could wish; but I have found it three or four times within a week or so—

when Madeleine Renaud moved from the bedroom, eiderdown-encumbered, in "Occupe-Toi d'Amélie"; when Joan Heal's Virginia joined Nelson's Navy in an assumed film shot during "Grab Me a Gondola"; when Brassett, the "scout," tripped over the piano-stool in the third act of "Charley's Aunt"; and when Miles Malleon, as Molière's Sganarelle, murmured to himself with charmingly matter-of-fact determination, "He's coming out. I think I'd better kill him."

"Sganarelle," in its short single act, is among the best-organised farcical stampedes. What endears it to me is the performance of Miles Malleon, who has adapted it, and who produced it for the Bristol Old Vic as the last part of an evening that began with his own version of "The Misanthrope," entitled "The Slave of Truth." This was splendidly judged both in text and performance—Hugh Burden, the Alceste, is an unfailing stylist—but it does not fit into my present theme. I am thinking of the broad laughter of farce; and that perfect trinket-box, the Bristol Theatre Royal, was nearly burst apart by the mirth of "Sganarelle."

It is a little comedy of incessant astonishment. Everyone who appears is startled by an apparently inexplicable sight. Mr. Malleon, whose facial expressiveness is unmatched among our comedians, stands with incredulous eyes and drooping mouth. At one point, after putting on helmet and breastplate, he looks like a moulting eagle. He has a way of talking to keep up his spirits. To hear him say:

But I do mind! They've made a fool of me.
Intolerable! A laughing-stock! I'm very angry!
I'm in a rage; a kind of holy rage!

Nothing to laugh at here! Quite the reverse...
is to melt into helpless laughter which is not allayed by Sganarelle's doughty-dog addition:

I must inspire terror and not ridicule!
I must be too frightening even to be pitied.

Malleon is a magnificent comic actor. We are quite sure that if Sganarelle goes on like that, he will be terrifying even himself.

After this I fear that "Charley's Aunt," which I saw elsewhere with its touring cast, had frayed badly. Moreover, Frankie Howerd, as Babs, was nearly bursting the old play at its seams. This was a hearty galumphing performance without a trace of style, and it did not make me laugh, whereas Gordon Phillott, as Brassett, did. It was



A NEW MUSICAL PLAY AT DRURY LANE IN WHICH THE ACTION TAKES PLACE IN AND AROUND THE OLD PORT OF MARSEILLES: "FANNY" (DRURY LANE), SHOWING A SCENE DURING THE NIGHTLY GAME OF CARDS IN CESAR'S BAR WITH (L. TO R.) M. BRUN (JULIAN ORCHARD); CESAR (IAN WALLACE); PANISSE (ROBERT MORLEY) AND ESCARTIFIQUE (C. DENIER WARREN). MR. TREWIN DISCUSSED THIS PLAY ON THIS PAGE LAST WEEK.

Byron's praise of the city, "And Otway, Radcliffe, Schiller, Shakespeare's art Had stamped her image in me." Desdemona would not have shared a gondola with the tough Virginia Jones; she would not have been news on Shylock's Rialto; Ruskin would not have found place for her among the stones of Venice; and Gilbert's lyrics are wittier than those of Virginia's creator, Julian More. For all that, I am likely to go on remembering the dear woman with her hair like bleached floss-silk, her dark glasses which are part of the uniform and are there only to be taken off, her sinister hint that she is a "secret thinker," and her curious desire to appear as Portia.

Probably this was a wish due solely to association of ideas. She was in Venice at a film festival, so why not Portia? However, we need not argue about it, because all she needs is for her "cravin' for the Avon" (see lyric) to be satisfied. She ends the happy night complete with a contract for Portia, and with an Italian Prince thrown in for good measure.

This engaging nonsense, created by Julian More, who also shares the lyrics with the composer (James Gilbert), is acted now at Hammersmith by Joan Heal. And if Miss Heal is apt to repeat her effects and her facial expressions, she is nevertheless one of the most enjoyably extravagant, good-natured comedienne of the day. I cannot begin to tell you how far Virginia Jones is from the Jo March we saw Miss Heal play in London a few months ago. Miss Alcott would not have included Ginny among her little women. Joan Heal's strength is her endless pleasure in what she is doing. She has never loitered palely through a part. She hurtles into it; and Virginia, sinuously swooping, becomes quite the dumbest film-star we have ever met in the theatre.

I agree we can have too many of these jokes. We are apt to say, as about the psychiatrist-jests, that they have delighted us long enough. But Miss Heal can persuade me to accept another one. While laughing at her in

Now "Grab Me a Gondola" is likely to be far more transient than the others. Feydeau's farce is nearly sixty years old, "Charley's Aunt" is in the middle 'sixties, and "Sganarelle" approaches three centuries. But at least I can thank the authors at Hammersmith for a pleasant, undemanding evening; Joan Wenham and Denis Quilley for the charm of their singing; and Hal Henshaw and Stanley Moore for the sets that bring Venice to those who know the city, and to those of us who have never "swum in a gondola." Most of all I shall remember Miss Heal's brash lynx, her squeals of ardour, and her high-pitched tantrums.

It is some way, of course, to Molière, even to such a farce as "Sganarelle," an almost majestically-controlled chaos of misunderstanding. "Worst-organised stampede I've ever known," said one elephant to another in the *Punch* drawing.



"ONE OF THE MOST ENJOYABLY EXTRAVAGANT, GOOD-NATURED COMEDIENNES OF THE DAY": MISS JOAN HEAL AS VIRGINIA JONES, A FILM-STAR AT THE VENICE FILM FESTIVAL, ARRIVING ON BOARD H.M.S. BROADSIDE IN A SCENE FROM "GRAB ME A GONDOLA" (LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH). SHE IS GREETED BY (L. TO R.) ALEX BRYAN (DONALD HEWLETT); HERRING (JAY DENYER) AND LIEUT.-COMMANDER FITZMORRIS, R.N. (JOHNNY LADD).

in the third act where the "scout" was so astonished by the news of Spettigue's intended marriage, that he let the tray slip from his hands and found himself flattened across the piano-stool.

Throwing himself back, he faced the outraged Spettigue with an expression rather like that of a bewildered mouse. That was genuinely funny, and throughout Mr. Phillott's performance had the tone of time; one could believe in him. The rest of the racket in the "scholar's fairyland" (poor Miss Yvette Wyatt, with the line) was brisk enough; but I found that my laughter, that hollow burst of bellowing, did not come, though all round me people were in mortal agony, sacrifices to what (in the words of Hector in "Troilus and Cressida") might be called "my sacred Aunt."

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE DIARY OF ANNE FRANK" (Phoenix).—I will return later to this play (by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett) in which Perlita Neilson plays Anne Frank of the war diary. (November 29.)

"RUDDIGORE" (Princes).—The D'Oyly Carte Company in London for an ample Gilbert-and-Sullivan season. (December 3.)

VARIETY (Prince of Wales's).—Lonnie Donegan and Anne Shelton at the head of the bill. (December 3.)

"THE TOUCH OF FEAR" (Aldwych).—A new play by Dorothy and Campbell Christie. (December 5.)

"THE WAY OF THE WORLD" (Saville).—Congreve's comedy, with Kay Hammond and John Clements in the Millamant-Mirabell duel. (December 6.)



THE ART OF ANIMAL PHOTOGRAPHY: "SALMON," BY RONALD THOMPSON, F.R.P.S.—A STRIKING STUDY OF A LEAPING SALMON FROM THE ROYAL PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY'S CURRENT AUTUMN NATURE EXHIBITION IN LONDON.

On Thursday, November 29, the Royal Photographic Society's Autumn Exhibition of Nature Photography was opened in the Society's house at 16, Princes Gate, S.W.7, by Field Marshal Lord Alanbrooke. Lord Alanbrooke, who is a most skilful photographer himself, recalled some of his own experiences as a nature photographer and said there was far more pleasure in stalking an animal with a camera than with a gun. Lord Alanbrooke

then spent some time studying the 344 exhibits in the five sections. He presented a bronze Exhibition Medal to Mr. H. A. Hems, F.R.P.S., for his photographs of foxes. This photograph of a leaping salmon (No. 74) was taken by Mr. Ronald Thompson, F.R.P.S., of Denbigh. The exhibition, which is to remain open until December 20, can be seen from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. on Monday to Friday and from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. on Saturday.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

THE NOVEL OF THE WEEK.

CLEARLY, some people are drawn to allegory and symbolism, and the incessant question: What does this *mean*? Others regard it as an infliction and a bore; but as æsthetic enjoyment has no rules, they need not always be bored in practice. And "The Radiance of the King," by Camara Laye (Collins; 13s. 6d.), translated by James Kirkup, starts off with high curiosity-value; for as the jacket says, though there are plenty of allegories on man's search for God, "this must be the first to be written by an African in French and translated into English." Indeed, it sounds almost too much of a curiosity. And the writer's immediate triumph is that almost from the first page we forget about being surprised to see it done at all, and become absorbed in the thing itself.

Clarence, the God-seeker, is a white man among Africans: and already, since his arrival in Adramé, a poor white. He has borrowed from the white men at the hotel, and run up gambling debts, and now they won't speak to him. The white hotel-keeper threw him out and detained his trunks; and soon the black hotel-keeper will have the clothes off his back. Unless he can recommend himself to the king—the king of kings—who has come to hold a durbar. . . . That is the first scene: a vast throng on the "esplanade," a cloud of red dust, a frail, black, adolescent king loaded with gold, a mysterious and fading palace. . . . And for Clarence, a blank. He gets nowhere near the king; instead, he is taken up by an old beggar-man, who advises him to go south—because the king *might* go south next time. And so, after a Kafkaesque scuffle with "justice," he leaves the city, guided by the beggar and a couple of cheeky, Kafkaesque dancing-boys called Noaga and Nagoa. The south is a huge forest with a terrible and "too delectable" smell, in which the pilgrim can't keep awake. For perhaps years of days he is led, sleeping on his feet, along what dimly but persistently strikes him as the same path, round and round. . . . Yet at last they get somewhere—to the forest-village of Aziana, where he will await the king and prove his own worth. I shall have to skip the Aziana fantasy; but Clarence, who forfeited all worldly conceit at Adramé, now loses his last rags of moral conceit—and then he is Home.

The wider meaning seems plain enough. In detail one may be foxed; but no matter, for the story is in itself enchanting. Its Kafka note dies out in the jungle; yet it has always a Kafka blend of dream, humour, inconsequence and frustration, only quite different.

OTHER FICTION.

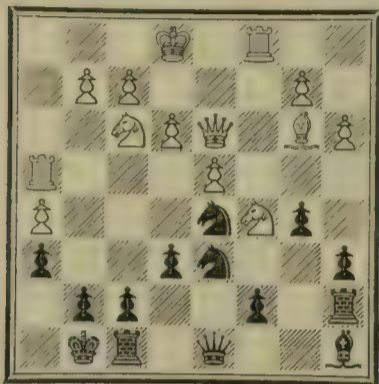
"Winter Quarters," by Alfred Duggan (Faber; 15s.), owes all its magic to matter-of-factness. The author is deploying a far past on an immense stage. His heroes are two young Gallic noblemen, living on the northern foothills of the Pyrenees at the time of Julius Cæsar. Camul, the narrator, is the prosaic one; Acco is simple and dreamy, prickly and high-flown, and studying to be a Druid. And it is Acco who kills Pyrene's bear. The Gauls don't worship this nymph; she is only woman's business, and derived from the "beastly Basques" at that. Yet she has great pull: so great that Acco has to renounce his career and go into lifelong exile, and even Camul is temporarily *de trop*. So they decide to join Cæsar's Gallic horse. They cross most of the Empire, on their fatal way to Parthia. Acco has now a Pyrene-complex, and he unearths her everywhere, except in Judæa. She is, in fact, the Goddess—the White Goddess, or what not—of whom we now hear so much. But whereas most writers are romantic about her, Acco regards her undeviatingly as "that horrible bitch, the mistress of wild beasts, who makes her servants behave as wild beasts." In addition, we get a lively and also moving story, and an indescribably brilliant and concrete study of assorted manners, in quite a short book, possibly the author's best yet.

"Dangerous Haven," by Arthur Nash (Hurst and Blackett; 12s. 6d.), is a "period" novel breathing, so to speak, its own air. Though the time is precisely fixed: and the first problem of the narrator, Captain Blake, R.N., is whether to enter steam or resign his commission. In the end, he resigns for love. Helen is the wife of a crippled drug-taking poet; and because she stays with him too long, the lovers have to flee to America, on a German emigrant-ship. This is Blake's first voyage in steam, and the upshot has an impressive ghastliness. Otherwise, what strikes one is the leisurely, individual tone: and such odd and convincing extras as the hero's lawyer-uncle.

"Scorpion Reef," by Charles Williams (Cassell; 10s. 6d.), features yet another *Marie Céleste* in the 36-ft. sloop *Freya*, picked up in the Gulf of Mexico. Only in this case Bill Manning has considerably left a journal with the whole story—or all but. He was a professional diver, enlisted by a blonde, goddess to sneak her and her (unseen) husband out of the country, with a set of brutal and intelligent gangsters watching every move. Instead of which, he and the goddess are carried off on their own sloop, by a couple of the thugs, on an impossible errand. Very tough, very (unfortunately) romantic, very exciting.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.



From a game in the Birmingham League. Black, to play, wins at least a pawn. How?

I see that two fine chess sets came up for sale recently, both English, both in silver and gilt and both of unusual value.

At Sotheby's a circa 1758 set by Fuller White, with cast and tooled standing figures of the kings and queens, bishops carrying staffs, rooks as elephants bearing cannoned turrets containing figures of Indians with crossbows and English soldiers with muskets; knights were, on the one side, mounted sepoys, on the other Indian pikemen in chain mail. It was bought by Mrs. Henry of Edinburgh, who first caught the public eye at the disposal of ex-King Farouk's collection of works of art.

At Christie's, a set with the kings and queens mounted on camels, maker E.F. (E. Fennell?), bishops with robes and rooks, again, turreted elephants, fetched 460 gns.

If you possess a really unusual old chess set, you have an exceptional investment; its value will rise at an even greater rate than money is racing downhill, for the days of penurious, endlessly-patient craftsman-genius, whether here or out East, are over.

If you possess (as is far more likely) an ivory set with mandarins or rajahs, turreted elephants and scimitared knights, brought by a great-grandfather from the Far East around the turn of the century, you also have an investment of sorts, but only in the sense that it can hardly be worth less in the future than it is to-day. The utter absence of any background to these sets, mass-produced for a market of Europeans who imagined they were made for local chess, has induced a mild nausea among collectors. Even those poised on series of balls-within-balls have to be unusually fine to arouse real enthusiasm.

The diagram . . . ? Black played 1. . . Kt×P! gaining at least a pawn for, however White recaptures the knight, Black can continue with 2. . . B×Kt destroying the protection to the rook on White's KR4.

As I watched this occur, I could perhaps be pardoned a little paternal pride, Black being a lanky lad of name C. Baruch Wood.

in Mr. Hesketh Pearson. In "Beerbohm Tree—His Life and Laughter" (Methuen; 25s.) he erects a suitable monument to that great actor and delightful man. It is a pity that the younger generation can never have the opportunity of seeing great Victorian and Edwardian acting at its full-blooded best, but Mr. Pearson, in his excellent fashion, recaptures both the man and the times in which he lived.

Pietro Annigoni is now firmly established, after his portraits of the Queen and Miss Juanita Forbes, as one of the finest portrait painters of our time. In "Memoirs of Annigoni" (Wingate; 16s.) Mr. Charles Richard Cammell paints an admirable picture of this interesting artist who, by his revolt against the post-Impressionists and his return to the traditional beauties of his art, has given so much pleasure to so many.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

GREAT EVENTS AND PERSONALITIES PAST AND PRESENT.

IT is no disparagement of the main body of Lord Beaverbrook's lively book "Men and Power—1917-18" (Hutchinson; 25s.) to say that almost the most sparkling section consists of his brief biographical notes about the *dramatis personae* which appear at the beginning. Here is Lord Beaverbrook's wit at its astringent best. For example, on Haig: "Careful of his health, he ate sparingly and drank with moderation, yet he died in 1928 at the age of sixty-six. With the publication of his Private Papers in 1952, he committed suicide twenty-five years after his death." Of Sir Winston Churchill: "He sang the popular music-hall melodies in a raucous voice, and without any instinct for tune. His bridge, which he played occasionally, was exceedingly

careless, and his card sense almost non-existent. . . . He smoked very little, although relighting a cigar frequently. His use of matches outstripped his consumption of cigars." These two quotations give but a hint of the quality of the book, which should be read in conjunction with Mr. Robert Blake's life of Bonar Law, Mr. Frank Owen's life of Lloyd George, and Mr. Tom Driberg's unduly unkind study of Lord Beaverbrook himself. For all of these in a greater or lesser degree, Lord Beaverbrook has provided the raw material from his now unique collection of letters and documents relating to the period when he was so closely identified with the great events recounted. The events were great indeed, though the men diminish in stature with each revelation of the hidden springs of their activities. Nevertheless, even though the giants of the latter days of the First Great War dwindle to the size of mere men (and in some cases, very unpleasant mere men at that) the stage on which they acted was a colossal one, and Lord Beaverbrook as a theatre critic has a pen as mordant as it is revealing. Here is history written sometimes (it must be said) with a partiality which may not make the book altogether reliable reading for the students of fifty years hence, but which will not fail to delight them. There are revelations such as the disgraceful story of the case of General Sir Frederick Maurice, which happily has now received wide publicity and should do something, posthumously, to rehabilitate that much-maligned soldier. The light it casts on the behaviour of Sir J. T. Davies, who placed the War Office paper which had been overlooked and which would have corroborated General Maurice's story, on the fire, remarking to Miss Frances Stevenson: "Only you and I, Frances, know of the existence of this paper," is an unpleasant one. High politics seem to have been even more of a jungle then than they are now, but it is good to be guided through those tortuous tracks by so experienced and brilliant a tiger.

Nothing could be further removed in style and time from Lord Beaverbrook's fragment of autobiography than Princess Marie Louise's "My Memories of Six Reigns" (Evans; 30s.). Princess Marie Louise, that Grand Old Lady who is still so active in every charitable cause, embodies an older tradition and a completely different way of life. Her memories of so full and active an existence extending over so long a period have a quiet charm of their own. They deal with a largely vanished world, as a comparison between the photographs of the wedding group of her Majesty the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh with that of the nine kings at the funeral of Queen Victoria and the formal group at the engagement of Princess Alix of Hesse to the Czarevitch, show. In those days monarchy in Europe was the rule rather than the exception. To-day the position has been reversed. Princess Marie Louise's book is definitely a contribution to the history of our own and our fathers' time. I am not surprised that the many charming anecdotes which her Royal Highness records caught the attention of the Queen and the Queen Mother, and that as she writes: "Her Majesty has displayed a keen interest in these fragments of past history, and she it is who has urged me to write them down for, in her opinion, all I could tell her was of historical interest and it would be not only a pity but a distinct loss to the present as well as the future generation, were these 'flashbacks' of history not recorded." A gently pleasing book.

Another great Victorian was Beerbohm Tree, who is lucky in having as his biographer to my mind one of the ablest writers of such books of our time

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Constant arm movement is fine for exercise, but, over a full day, arm movements as shown in the photograph of a hand operated saw become tiring, tedious and time wasting. By comparison, the restful, single-action movement needed to operate the Black & Decker power saw looks, and is, sheer luxury. These two time exposures taken during a 'Time & Motion' study give visual proof of the factual claim: 'twelve times faster' by power saw! Of course, sawing through timber is only one of the many tasks tackled by our range of electric saws—and saws themselves are only part of our complete range. If you were equipped with our electric power tools the saving would be . . . but why not write for our catalogue showing just what tools we make.

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Black & Decker

PORTABLE ELECTRIC TOOLS



But how can we cut electricity costs?

'Do as we did. Put in Johnson & Phillips capacitors. There's one up on that girder.'

'What do these capacitors do?'

'In technical jargon, they improve our power factor. More to the point, they reduced our electricity charges by 20% and paid off their initial cost in under two years.'

'I'd like to know more.'

'Then get your technical people to contact J. & P. Believe me, they'll pick up some very impressive facts and figures.'

J. & P. POWER POINTS



A Practical Example

Consumer's maximum demand loading ...	500 kW
Average power factor before correction ...	0.63
Power factor after installation of capacitors ...	0.95
Cost of capacitor installation ...	£2,040

ANNUAL COST OF ELECTRICITY

Before correction	£6,900
After correction	£5,415
Annual saving	£1,485
Could you make a similar saving? We'll be glad to work it out for you.	

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A Power in the Electrical World



The world famous sherry **THAT'S SOLD IN A SACK**

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 Press this bell. We are calling on
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 Young and beautiful,
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 Now you shall see why Chaplin
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Good evening. Are we early?

*You're late-ish, you know. But so was I.
 Come in and celebrate.*

With ? . . .

*Oh please, anything you like! I shall
 choose Martini. And not such a
 very small glass, either.*

Straight Martini? Perfect!

*Now I'm beginning to take to you.
 Sweet? With ice? Good. You know, that's
 how we serve it in Italy . . .*

We?

*Of course! In Rome . . . when I'm feeling more
 Irish than usual. In America . . . when
 I'm feeling Italian. In England . . . when
 I'm feeling tired after a long day at the
 studio. It's unfailing. Who shall we drink to?*

To a certain Princess in Belgravia . . .
 in a cool, golden Martini
 à la Dawn Addams!

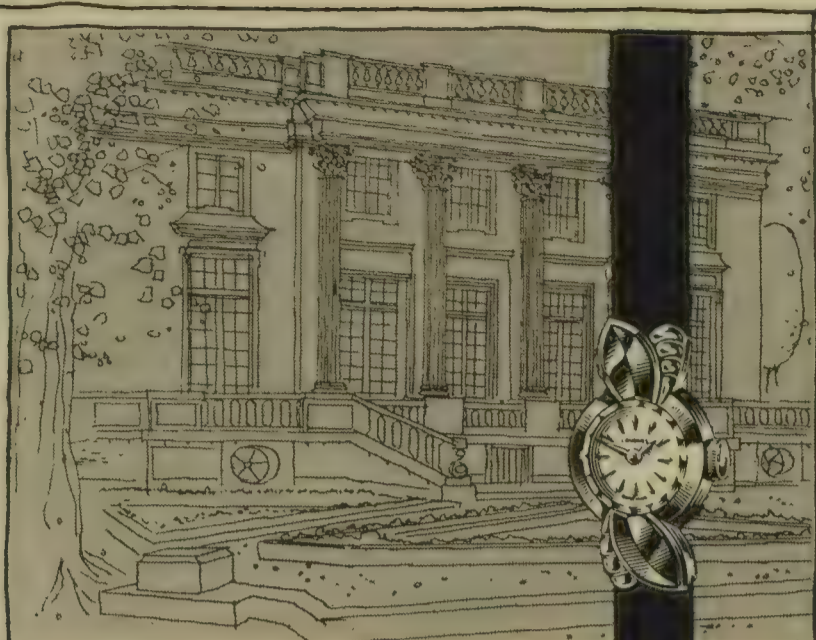


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OF DUBONNET? THE
dorée peut lui rapporter
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bientôt une bonne
BRING HIM A HANDSOME
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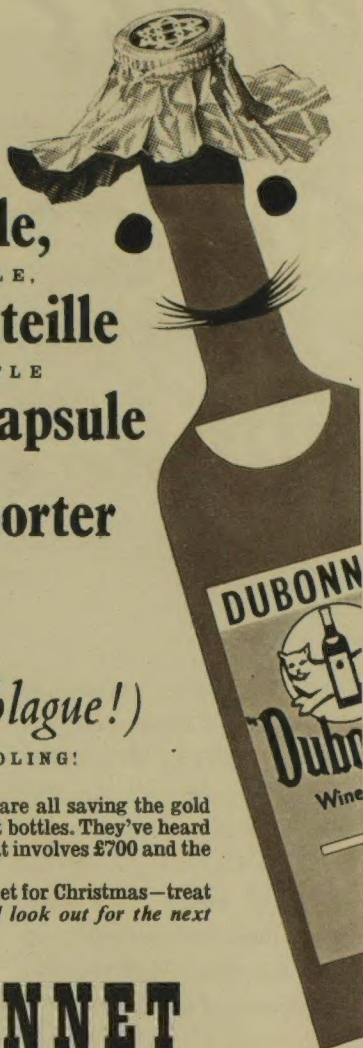
Wise uncles (and aunts and nephews and nieces) are all saving the gold foil caps from the tops of their Christmas Dubonnet bottles. They've heard that there's something in the wind — something that involves £700 and the cap from a Dubonnet bottle.

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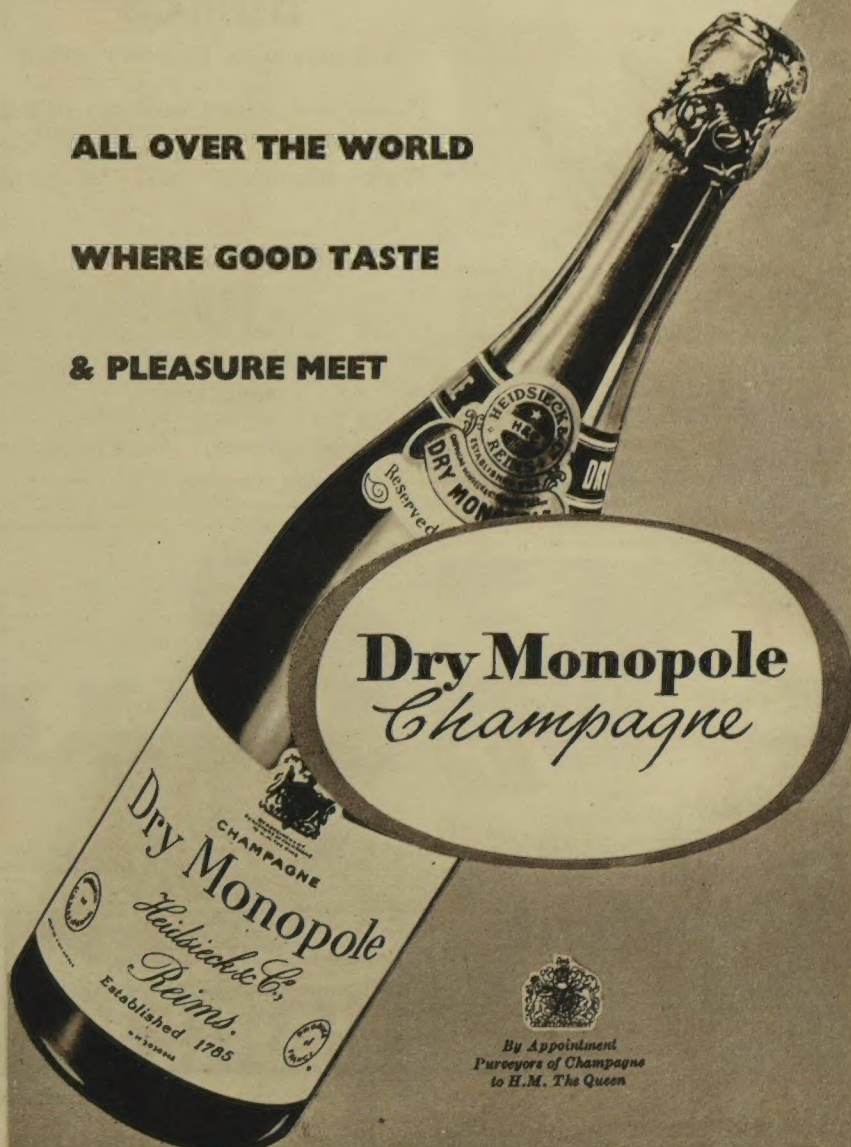
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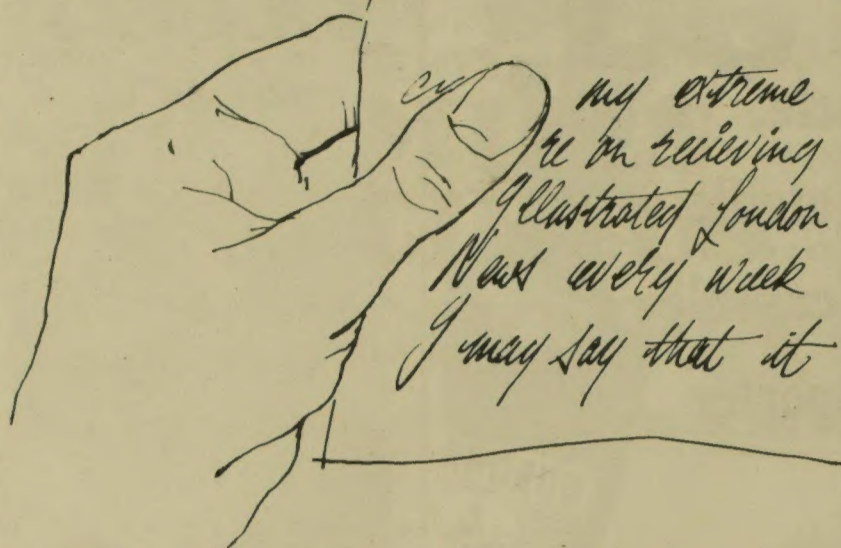


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Dry Sherry
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